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The Wrong Foot in the Door

THE government's refusal unequivocally to obey the thrice-repeated instructions of the United Nations to withdraw our troops from the Canal is a further dangerous surrender to the Tory extremists. So far, General Stockwell has received no orders to withdraw his troops; and there are even reports that more have been landed. Meanwhile the British leaflet war, whose explicit object is to overthrow the Egyptian government, has been resumed. The object of this capitulation is to keep the Tory Party together. Rather than risk the anger of the Suez group and frankly admit that the whole policy of force in the Middle East has been disastrous, the Conservative leaders are prepared to run still greater risks with our national interests and the peace of the world. Consider the consequences of refusing to accept the world's verdict. To keep our troops in Egypt for a few more weeks will gain nothing positive. It will not preserve peace, nor overthrow Nasser, nor restore us the Canal. On the contrary. It can only delay the imperative Arab-Israeli settlement. It will postpone the vital work of clearing the Canal and rebuilding the pumping stations. It will delay whatever aid America—despite the efforts of Tory backbenchers—may still be prepared to give. It will increase the privations of the British people and the strain on our battered economy, making a disastrous devaluation daily more likely. And it will provide Nasser with some semblance of justification for persecuting British subjects in Egypt.

But these are only the minor consequences. On a wider view, Butler's surrender is undermining whatever chance remains of saving something from the wreck of our Middle Eastern position. After the Jordan elections, there was a real possibility that the Anglo-Jordan treaty could be retained on a revised basis. Now that has gone. We shall have to evacuate our bases —unless the government is prepared to fight there too. Having renounced British aid, Jordan will lurch into the arms of Syria—or worse. If Syria moves in, Iraq will move in too, followed inevitably by Israel. There will be a further and more widespread Middle Eastern war, for which we shall be to blame. The repair of the I.P.C. pipeline will then become an academic question. Meanwhile, Libya is revising her military agreement with us; and doubtless she will soon be forced to abrogate it altogether. We have been excluded from all meetings of the Baghdad Pact until further notice. All these heavy blows have been struck since our decision to delay evacuation became clear.

Nor is this all. America, in her attempts to put the United Nations into the vacuum created by the collapse of British power, has two objectives: to secure the neutrality of the Middle East, and to preserve western access to Gulf oil. It is manifestly in our interests to help her. Instead, by remaining in Port Said, the government is making her task vastly more difficult. By attempting to associate the U.N. forces in our hostile attitude towards Egypt—attempts which have so far totally failed—we are deliberately sabotaging America's efforts. More than this: by hurling abuse at the American government, the Tory leaders are undermining its will to save the Middle East for the West. And America, we must remember, can survive without the Middle East. We cannot.

Most serious of all, each day our troops remain in Port Said, Russia's opportunity to extend its influence in the Arab world increases. Despite the exaggerated stories of Russia's preparations — now reluctantly abandoned by Tory Ministers if not by their followers—Russia has so far acted with hesitation and has even been able to claim United Nations justification for her threats. But if Britain continues to defy the U.N., the pressure of Arab and Asian opinion may induce the Kremlin to go further. Our famous "foot in the door" in Suez is beginning to look like a foot in the door for Soviet imperialism.

Comments on the Week's News

British Refugees

It is now clear that the expulsion order issued by Colonel Nasser against British and French subjects in Egypt is to be selective, and latest reports indicate that the number involved will not exceed a thousand. Even so, the order is cruel and indefensible. Whether it is a breach of the 1949 Geneva Convention is quite another matter. In his statement to the House on Monday, Commander Noble was careful not to commit himself. All that he would say, in reply to Tory questions, is that the expulsion "seems to Her Majesty's Government" to violate the Convention. In fact, all that the Convention states is that enemy aliens shall be allowed to leave hostile territory when war breaks out, and that belligerents shall not deport nationals from a territory they are occupying. Nasser's move clearly does not come under either of these heads. In any case, Britain, unlike Egypt, has not yet ratified the Convention. It would be more sensible, at this stage, for the government to drop their attempts—which they have pursued with persistence, if little success, ever since the end of July—to prove that Egypt is in breach of international law, and try, instead, to do something positive to help British nationals in Egypt. There is no doubt about the answer. Ill-treatment of the British colony is the direct consequence of the refusal of the British government to agree to the rapid withdrawal of their forces from Port Said. Correspondents in Cairo report that the Egyptian people are now in a state of fear, bordering on hysteria, of a resumption of Allied bombing. During the invasion itself, the population behaved in a calm and dignified manner, and no attacks were made on British and French lives or property. But Nasser may well believe that he cannot enforce this restraint indefinitely; and that, unless he takes some action against British, French and Israeli nationals, the Egyptian crowds may take the law into their own hands—provoking inevitable military reprisals from the Allies.

Kadar, Nagy and Tito

The abduction of Imry Nagy by Soviet troops, in flagrant breach of the safe conduct agreement between the Kadar government and the Yugoslavs, has coloured all this week's news from eastern Europe. The breach of faith involved in the abrupt Russian action is inexcusable. It may be indeed that this single offence has done more to dishonour Soviet motives and undermine Soviet credit in the outside world than all that had gone before. Why did the Russians do it? No doubt it was decided that Nagy must be got out of the custody of the Yugoslavs and out of Hungary at whatever cost. It may have been further calculated that if he were not actually harmed, public opinion would not worry for long about the method of his kidnapping; and that, in any case, if Soviet troops carried out the operation, the least possible stigma would fall on Kadar. In the short term at least, the manœuvre has failed, thanks to Marshal Tito's outcry. Nagy was more than the symbol of resistance to Soviet domination: he was also Tito's personal nominee for the Hungarian premiership, and the Yugoslavs clearly negotiated his safe conduct in the belief that it was the first step to his return to high office. His abduction, therefore, is a political reverse for Tito as well as a personal affront. Nevertheless the language now being used in the exchange of acerbities between *Borba* and *Pravda*, ill-tempered though it is, as yet nowhere near resembles the Philippics of the post-1948 period, and it is far too early to assume any complete breach between Russia and Yugoslavia. Tito has been temporarily outmanœuvred in a Communist intrigue and this week he is very angry. Until the Nagy incident, however, he was lending considerable support to Kadar, whose record until the last four weeks has been nationalist and Titoist. It is still not beyond the bounds of possibility that, if and when Soviet troops begin their withdrawal from Budapest, Kadar will still be able to count on Tito's support in seeking to implement some of the "Titoist" promises which at present he is using as part of his effort to win support for his government.

A Frontier Agreement

Top priority on the agenda of Prime Minister Chou En-lai's talks in Rangoon next week will be given to the problem of the unmarked boundary between Burma and China. Some weeks ago, following the incursion of Chinese troops in several frontier areas, U Nu visited Peking for preliminary talks. The first result was the withdrawal of Chinese troops from the Wa States. The Chinese then claimed three villages (Hpimaw, Gawlam and Kangfang) which control a mountain pass between China and the Kachin state. This was a debatable area in the days of British rule in Burma, but it was administered by Britain after its occupation in 1911. Its cession to China will inevitably create local problems for the Kachins, and one Kachin member of parliament will lose his seat. When asked what would happen if the Kachins opposed the plan, the Prime Minister recently told a press conference that the settlement had not yet been signed, "and so if the Kachin people oppose it, the border dispute will continue." As for other parts of Burma's frontier, on which the British and Chinese were unable or unwilling to agree, these will probably be referred to a boundary commission which the Burmese government will discuss with Chou En-lai. "We are attempting to make an overall settlement of our entire border with China on the basis of the five principles," U Nu told opposition leaders, "a border that will be peaceful, and one that does not require the stationing of armies at the ready, on either side of it." This is common sense. The Burmese want a stable country; it is not to China's interest to have an unfriendly frontier.

Shuttlecock in North Rhodesia

Trends in multi-racial Africa continue contradictory. In Northern Rhodesia the Emergency is still in force and about 70 trade unionists are in detention camps. Now the government has published a Bill deliberately designed to remove the colour bar from public premises. It almost seems as if an open battle is being waged in the minds of the white settlers, miners and politicians between South African racialism, on the one hand, and the liberal influence within British colonial policy, on the other. The Commission of Inquiry into industrial unrest in the Copper Belt, whilst exposing the confused position within the African Mineworkers' Union, nevertheless rejects the allegation that the unrest has been produced by political influences. There is no doubt that much help and guidance are needed by African trade unionists in establishing the foundations of a responsible bargaining organisation in industry. The recommendations for trade-union training and inspection of the accounts are useful. At the same time it is asking for trouble to try to build up a sound trade union organisation whilst at the same time frustrating political development. Africans in Rhodesia are angered by the discrimination shown to them in public premises. The new Bill is a welcome step towards the removal of this grievance.

Party Intrigues in South Africa

The change in the leadership of the United Party is simply the culmination of backstairs intrigue, which came to a head when Mr. Strauss, the deposed leader, was out of the country. The United Party has never been much more than a collection of individuals hoping to hold office under the magic of General Smuts. And when Smuts died, naming Mr. Strauss as his heir, the factions were so suspicious of each other that no rival could be produced. During the past six years the United Party has sunk from desperation to futility. It has lost its right-wing to the new Conservative group. Its handful of Liberals have been quite ineffective and easily disciplined. Today it challenges the Nationalists on no single issue of principle. It accepts the whole basis of white supremacy which is the keynote of apartheid. The new leader, Sir De Villiers Graaff, has been put forward in an effort to replace the muddling of Strauss by leadership which it is hoped will bring back the Conservatives. The only object is to win the next election. This prospect is made more uncertain by the Nationalists' denunciation of the U.N. General Smuts reached the highest point of his popularity in his own country when he warned the United Nations not to interfere in the South African racial position. The present Nationalist government is now simply following Smuts' logic by virtually withdrawing from the U.N.

Paying the Local Piper

Two factors account for the declining effectiveness of local authorities—the steady transfer of functions to the central government and the growing dependence of local councils on Treasury grants. For both reasons, local autonomy has dwindled and the authorities have more and more become agents of Whitehall for policies laid down in Westminster. To arrest this decline, and it should be arrested, the long overdue reform of local government is essential. And this reform, moreover, must create authorities competent enough to receive back some of the powers that have been progressively surrendered. Reform of local government finance is needed as well as a revision of powers and structure. But one cannot really be done in isolation. For these reasons, the proposal for a local income tax—made in an interesting report, *New Sources of Local Revenue*, by a study group of the Royal Institute of Public Administration—cannot be properly considered in a narrow financial context. The group certainly makes some useful suggestions, which would increase the revenue available to local authorities without levying a heavier burden on the taxpayer. In addition to the local income tax, non-progressive and limited to 3d. in the pound, the group proposes that entertainments tax and motor duties should be returned to local jurisdiction. In all, this would yield about £270 millions to the local authorities at the expense of the Treasury and thus greatly reduce the need for Treasury grants which now come close to providing half the income of the authorities.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Nicaragua

After Somoza

A Special Correspondent writes: The first reaction after the assassination of Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza suggested that the murder would not alter fundamentally the political situation in Nicaragua. It was shown that Somoza had succeeded in placing most of his relatives in positions of such strategic importance everywhere in the civil and military administration, so that his disappearance would hardly weaken the grip of the Somoza family over the political life of the republic. These interpretations seemed to be borne out by events when the dictator's eldest son, Luis, was sworn in as President without any trouble. His other son, "Tachito", remained at the head of the Guardia Nacional of 4,000 men—the only armed force in the country—and the situation appeared to be well in the hands of the strong man's successors. However, later developments indicate that the Somoza dynasty was in reality shaken to its very foundations by the death of its founder.

Under "Tacho" Somoza's rule, only two legally recognised parties were allowed to function in Nicaragua; the National Liberal Party, which supported him absolutely, and the Conservative Party, which was largely inactive. Somoza's political machine was built around a coalition between his National Liberal Party and the Guardia Nacional; and Somoza sought to perpetuate this highly effective arrangement by placing his uncle at the head of the party and his youngest son at the head of the Guardia. There was a third party, the Independent Liberal Party—really a dissident "Somocist" group which tried for many years to obtain legal recognition by producing the 20,000 signatures required by law. The group did produce these signatures three times, but the government always managed to find enough invalid ones to prevent the party from coming into legal existence. As their efforts proved repeatedly unavailing, these people formed a coalition with the Conservative Party called the Front for the Defence of the Republic. The main objective of this organisation was to prevent Somoza from running again for President in the general elections next year.

The assassination of "Tacho" achieved at one stroke the main part of their programme; and it also renewed their hopes of ridding the country once and for all of the stifling hold of the Somoza family. This hope has been made more plausible by well-founded rumours that Tachito's control of the army is less sure than it was when his father was alive. The mercenary members of the Guardia were loyal to a man to old Somoza, who used to entertain them with dirty jokes and was as tough as the best of them. It is different with the West Point-educated Tachito, who likes to think of himself as a Nicaraguan version of Frederick the Great and insists that his men should spend long hours on parade ground evolutions and drill. In addition, Luis Somoza's U.S. education has made him particularly unfit for the subtle game of family power politics. He has managed to hurt most of his relatives' feelings by repeatedly telling them that he is the boss now—a mistake his father never would have dreamed of committing.

In fact, the Front for the Defence of the Republic is greatly encouraged by all these signs which point to the existence of internal rifts within the Somoza family. It is probable that unless the two Somoza brothers can strengthen their hold over the family power-machine, they will not survive next February's elections. This does not mean that the country will move closer to real democracy; on the contrary, Nicaragua does not have a single political group which can be classed as a democratic party in the western sense. All political groups are but political corporations whose only aim is to turn the wealth of the country into specific and rival vested interests. So even if the Somoza dynasty falls, Nicaragua is still far from the day when genuinely free elections can be held.

Paris

Worse and Worse

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Never has a country organised its own economic blockade quite so well as France. During the last week, everybody has begun to realise that Guy Mollet's expedition to Egypt has precipitated an economic crisis of the utmost gravity. The confused system of petrol rationing—which is changed from day to day—and the sufferings of those who heat their homes with oil burners, are nothing to what will happen when the factories begin to shut down and the workers go on short time. In a private conversation—inevitably divulged immediately afterwards—Guy Mollet admitted last week that there will be a sharp deterioration in the situation at the end of the next fortnight. The only hope is help from America; but the impression in government circles here is that Eisenhower is determined to punish France for its war against Egypt. Not only will he refuse to give any economic aid, but he will instruct Cabot Lodge to vote against France when Algeria is debated at the United Nations. He has categorically refused to see M. Pineau, although he recently gave a long audience to M. Bourguiba, who came to discuss North African problems.

The economic crisis, the loss of international prestige, the growing lack of confidence in parliamentary institutions, are combining to pave the way for a *coup d'état*, or at least a change of the regime. With the C.P. in a state of confusion, the danger does not lie on the extreme left. On the contrary, public clamour is once more rising in favour of De Gaulle. The procedure whereby he can be brought back to power is already being discussed. In January, or even before the end of December, it is expected that the government will fall as a result of a debate on the economic situation, in which the Communists and the Right will vote together. Several people will then be asked to form a government: and the names of Pleven, Mitterrand and Pinay (who, in a private letter to Raymond Aron, has announced that he was totally opposed to the Egyptian expedition) have been suggested. But it is considered unlikely that any of these men will obtain the investiture of the Assembly; and, after a crisis of several weeks, President Coty will call on De Gaulle to form a "provisional government of public safety" and hold new elections.

As a straw in the wind, great attention is being paid to a forthcoming by-election in the Paris region, to replace the Radical deputy Moro-Giafferi, who died recently. All parties regard it as an important test of public opinion, and it is even possible that, for the first time since 1951, a candidate personally supported by De Gaulle will stand. The election campaign is also expected to throw a certain amount of light on the preparations for the Suez expedition.

Moscow

Ivan Was Terrible

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Early in 1947, Sergei Eisenstein the film director and Nikolai Cherkasov, the Leningrad actor who played Ivan the Terrible in the first part of Eisenstein's historical film, were received by Stalin in connection with the filming of the second part. In an account of this meeting written during Stalin's lifetime Cherkasov says: "Stalin noted that Ivan was a great and wise ruler who protected the country against the penetration of foreign influences and sought to unite the country. Speaking of Ivan's progressive activity Stalin emphasised that he was the first to introduce a state monopoly of foreign trade in Russia, adding that the next man to do so was Lenin. Touching upon Ivan the Terrible's mistakes, Stalin pointed out that one of them was that he failed to destroy the five remaining big feudal families. 'God interfered with Ivan there,' Stalin added humorously. 'Ivan would destroy one family of Boyars, and would then spend a whole year repenting, while he should have acted more resolutely.'"

At the close of the conversation, Cherkasov continues, Stalin asked Eisenstein how he intended to finish the film. With Ivan's victorious march to the sea, he was told. Ivan's cherished dream to see "the blue sea, the distant sea, the Russian sea" has come true, and, staring into the distance, he ends the film with the words: "We stand on the seas and will continue to stand!" Comrade Stalin smiled gaily and exclaimed merrily: 'Well, that's what did happen, and even more than that!'"

Although the second part of Ivan was not released generally, the Ivan cult found expression in various literary works and historical studies, especially in the period 1942-1944. Ivan IV was pictured as a superman, and his Pretorian guard, the Opritchina, extolled as a progressive force for breaking the power of the feudal Boyars. The rehabilitation of Ivan the Terrible was, in short, part of the process of emphasising the role of the Leader in Russian history, a process in which the fact was overlooked that Alexander Nevsky suppressed the revolt of the Novgorod people and Suvorov put down the peasant revolt under Pugachov and the Polish uprising.

The U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences recently held a conference of historians "on the estimation of Ivan IV and others." While in certain respects the papers contributed created the impression that they were prompted by considerations of the day, a serious effort appears to have been made to remove Stalinist distortions. Ivan was described as a tyrant and a hangman, vindictive and malicious, "coldly indulging in vice and always wearing the ugly mask of a humble and penitent sinner, bigot and Pharisee; a God's fool of a Tsar—such was the cruel character of this man who was at the same time a notably shrewd statesman."

As for the Opritchina, their "pacification" was shown to have laid waste vast areas of Russia on the pretext of making the land safe from foreign enemies and reactionary landlords. One speaker listed the atrocities committed during the capture of Kazan and the barbarous methods employed on the march of Ivan's troops towards the Baltic. Indeed, in their understandable desire to avenge themselves for the way in which Stalin degraded their profession, the historians seem to have relished the opportunity of accepting Stalin's own estimate of himself as a modern Ivan. Eisenstein's early death robbed him of a similar satisfaction.

Westminster

They Also Serve . . .

For seven long days, ever since the spectacular meeting of the 1922 Committee last week, the Conservative Party has been waiting for Godot. It appears that at that meeting Mr. R. A. Butler gave an assurance that the United Nations forces would remain in Egypt, on the Canal, for four years; and if Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, on his return from Lake Success, could repeat this assurance he would indeed be hailed as the Deliverer. For the Suez group could then tell themselves that they had secured international control of the Canal and could accept pressure from the moderates for withdrawal of our troops from Egypt in accordance with resolutions of the United Nations. Then the Keep Out notices would be removed from White House doors, American oil would begin to flow and, who knows, Mr. Harold Macmillan might feel brave enough to ask the United States Treasury direct for a waiver on the December loan interest payment, instead of trying to use American correspondents in London as intermediaries.

But the week-end passed. Though messengers arrived to say that Godot would come tomorrow, it seemed less likely that Butler's assurances would be fulfilled. Indeed, it seemed possible that Selwyn Lloyd would not even get agreement for phased withdrawal or for British participation in clearing the canal. So Conservative optimism began to subside; but it gave way, not to despair but to cynicism. We may be facing an economic crisis, as a result of the cost of Suez and the breakdown of Anglo-American relations, the Commonwealth may be split and the government may have lied its way into dishonour; but, damn it! we can't let the Socialists in. Let us stand shoulder to shrugging shoulder. Party ranks closed again around the interests of the party.

Yet beneath the cynicism the strain continued. It showed itself in a number of little ways. There was, for example, an undertone of criticism about the absent Prime Minister. If he is really ill, it was said, surely he ought to resign decently instead of hanging on to the title while tossing the responsibility, during an acute crisis, on to other shoulders. Alternatively, if he is not really ill, what on earth is he doing, sunning himself in the West Indies, while we fill up applications for petrol coupons? There was grumbling, too, about the temporary leadership which, on Monday, left two comparatively junior Ministers, unaided by any member of the Cabinet, to refuse answers to Foreign Office questions for a whole hour. One knew what was the object of this stalling exercise. But after half an hour, during which the Opposition soared into aching derision, government backbenchers had had more than they could stand. It is not pleasant to watch a lion mauling tethered kids when the kids happen to be your friends and you suspect that the hunter behind the bush has lost his gun.

The motion placed on the order paper and signed by more than a hundred Conservative M.P.s is a more serious sign of the strain. The motion, though restrained in its wording, pointedly criticises the United States. It has been put down, not in the hope of softening the heart of President Eisenhower, but as a release for nervous tension and as the preparation for a scapegoat. However disunited the Conservatives may still be beneath the surface, they are at present wholly united in hating Mr. Gaitskell and all Americans. Mr. Gaitskell cannot provide a scapegoat but the Americans can; and Mr. Butler is blandly aware of it. If Selwyn Lloyd reports that there is no Godot, or at least that he is too busy to come today, the party might still be held together by anti-American cement. Mr. Butler, with a slight giggle here and a delicate yawn there, is quietly mixing it in the background.

There are difficulties about this, of course. Somehow the United States must be induced to help us in our economic crisis. She won't help us unless we surrender the substance of our claims in Egypt—though for decency she may allow us to cover ourselves with a couple of shadows. But even if we give up the substance, she may still not be eager to help if the Conservative Party, encouraged by its leaders, redresses itself in anti-Americanism. But if it drops anti-Americanism, it may fall apart. One knows that Mr. Butler can ride two horses at the same time and still look as though he was in a motor car, but his present dilemma seems a little much even for him.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Eisenhower Doctrine

WHY is Ike so beastly to the British? I start with this expletive question because all of us—whatever our views about the Anglo-French action—must have been surprised by the United States reaction to it. Who expected the President to oppose America's closest allies by every means short of war? Certainly not Sir Anthony and M. Mollet. They reckoned that Ike would behave as Walter Lippmann has been telling us he *should have* behaved. A man as level-headed as the President, they assumed, would realise that, once the ultimatum had been delivered, the interests of the western alliance required that the operation should be carried to a successful conclusion.

This smooth assessment of the President's reaction was reasonable on two assumptions. The first of these concerns the personality of the President. If Ike were an ambitious politician with a future, he might have hesitated before condemning Israel as an aggressor a week before polling day and so jeopardising the Jewish vote; he might also have thought twice before delivering an unqualified and apparently unalterable judgment against Sir Anthony Eden and M. Mollet. But Ike is not that kind of politician.

In the first place (as I know from personal experience), he is a general, who showed during the war that he believed in team work. That is why he never forgave any member of his integrated staff, however senior and important, who committed the crime of "going it alone." I am convinced that it was Sir Anthony's "disloyalty to the team" which roused the President's wrath and made him deliver that astonishing radio speech. Such conduct, he felt, if he tolerated it even for a few hours, must destroy the western alliance.

Was he wrong to feel this? After all, to take the French example, all the Mystères, Thunderstreaks, Corsairs, Bearcats and Hellcats were supplied by the Americans; while there would have been no British Valiants but for American machine tools, and 515 of our Hunters (out of 1,100), 100 Seahawks (out of 300), all the Avengers,

all the Skyraiders and all the helicopters were supplied by the U.S. Moreover, this military assistance had been given under a written agreement which specifically forbids us to use such equipment outside Nato without express American consent. Sir Anthony not only deceived the President, while he was distracted by an election, in order to commit him to a policy he had expressly vetoed: even worse from Ike's point of view, by using this equipment, Sir Anthony broke his pledged word as a partner in Nato. Then—to make matters worse—he permitted Mr. Head to say, in defence of the action, that, since our weapons were inextricably mixed together, we couldn't be expected to separate those we received under Mutual Aid! To Ike, the Supreme Commander, an associate who behaves in this way is someone who cannot be trusted.

Ike, however, is not only a soldier. He is also the first American President for a century to be re-elected solely on his personality. Furthermore, he is a man who knows that he has not very long to live; so he has nothing to lose by forgetting expediency and doing what is morally right. In the absence of Mr. Dulles, United States foreign policy is now being made by an uncomplicated American, who believes that world war can only be averted if he, as leader of America, makes the United Nations work—even when it works *against* America's friends. It was this big, obvious fact that Sir Anthony and M. Mollet were too clever to notice.

But personality is not everything—even in American politics. Ike's moral convictions can only become American foreign policy if they can be seen to fit the requirements of America's national security. Here again, I believe the Eden-Mollet assessment was dangerously superficial. They assumed that they could take great liberties with the Americans because Britain and France are indispensable to them. Alas! We have seen that the contrary is true. The Americans can get very tough with us because we are economically dependent on them.

But we have learnt something even more ignominious. Instead of regarding British and French expertise as something essential to western control of the Arab world, Ike has treated us like two silly Old Men of the Sea. When we started kicking, he dropped us and decided to carry on alone. The Anglo-French attack has provided him with a heaven-sent opportunity of winning friends and influencing people in every country of Asia and Africa—by opposing France and Britain. Every time Mr. Lodge votes with the Afro-Asian bloc against us, he wins new friends for President Eisenhower. Every time the British and French governments complain of America's lack of sympathy and understanding, they increase Ike's reputation as the protector not of western colonialism, but of the rule of law.

For here is the second reason why Ike's beastliness to us has proved so successful. Since the outbreak of the Korean war, the Americans have been compelled for strategic reasons to give more and more support to French and British colonialism. The Quai d'Orsay and the Foreign Office welcomed this as a sign of growing American maturity. But in fact the American policy-makers who became really "mature" were those in the Pentagon. Concerned to find governments ready to furnish sites for A-bomb bases and to build up huge land armies if the U.S. provided the equipment, the Pentagon began to see merits in colonialism. It was the generals who persuaded the White House to back the French in Indo-China and then in Algeria and to justify British policy in Cyprus and Baghdad on strategic grounds.

Since the nuclear deadlock, however, these "realistic" arguments in favour of supporting colonialism have become less and less convincing. Now that the U.S. relies on strategic retaliation for self-defence, "Fortress America" is becoming the "realistic" concept and the value of overseas bases correspondingly diminishes. Once this happens, even the Pentagon can see that the political cost of propping up French and British colonialism may outweigh any military advantages it once brought. Months before the Anglo-French attack on Egypt, it was moving towards the view that the main danger to American security was not a military attack by the Red Army, but Communist penetration of decrepit colonial empires. Sir Anthony and M. Mollet provided the justification for the ostentatious break with British and French colonialism which the changed strategic situation required. What we usually regard as a unique feature of British politics emerged across the Atlantic. Ike's morality and Pentagon expediency coincided.

What of the future? Assuming that I have gauged correctly why Ike is beastly to the British, I venture to make four suggestions:

(1) The President may well concede just enough to preserve a chastened Tory government; but he will not relent from his dual purpose. That purpose is, first, to strengthen the United Nations by showing that aggression does not pay, even when it is committed by America's friends; and, secondly, to make an example to the whole western alliance of Britain and France—two senior partners caught in the act of "going it alone."

(2) The President's most urgent task is to prevent the Middle East falling into Russia's grip. His plan is to give American nuclear backing to the United Nations police force as a deterrent against Russian "volunteers." Then he will offer all the Arab rulers, including Nasser, complete political independence, combined with large-scale aid, channelled through United Nations agencies. Whereas Britain and France have always sought to maintain a semi-colonial ascendancy over the Arabs, Eisenhower will adopt the Good Neighbour policy which Roosevelt developed with success towards Mexico and Latin America. It is possible that the Arabs will prefer Ike's idea of treating them like sophisticated Latin Americans to Mollet and Eden's idea of treating them as childish Europeans.

(3) This kind of American policy will be welcomed by Mr. Nehru when he visits Washington on December 16. Indeed, it may become the basis for a Washington-Delhi axis, which tries to achieve security and stability not through pacts but through a strengthened United Nations.

(4) When all this has been set in motion—but not before—the President will try to deal with the Arab-Jewish problem, once again within the framework of the United Nations—and, therefore, in consultation with the Soviet Union. I should not be surprised if the Soviet rulers were more ready to do serious business now that Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Nehru have replaced Sir Anthony and M. Mollet as the statesmen they have to deal with about the Middle East.

Prophecy is always foolhardy, but at least I know that my attempt to anticipate what Ike will do cannot be worse confounded by events than Sir Anthony's and M. Mollet's during the last four weeks.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Macmillan's Misery Market

LABOUR speeches in the recent debate in the House of Commons have thrown into relief the complete bankruptcy of the government's Commonwealth policy. That policy weakened the moral ties which bind the Commonwealth together. It has undermined its economic coherence by the entirely negative approach of "liberalisation" to its problems. Now that British weakness is becoming plain, the government gaily commits the country to the further negative step of joining a "free trade area" without any safeguards that it will in fact be a coherent effort of positive planning for full employment and higher efficiency through more investment, rationalisation and standardisation of production. Compressed between two overwhelming economic powers, Europe and the Commonwealth cry out for economic unity, so that they can face superior competitive power. But the negative process goes on unchecked: the protective buttresses are being hacked away with the most dangerous results. Each year our position worsens, yet the wrong remedies are prescribed.

Consider the position of Britain at the end of the war. Despite war damage and the running down of human and material reserves, our industrial machine was in far better shape than that of Russia, Germany and Japan; and the war had created a closely-knit sterling area which offered a preferential market buttressed by long-term bulk purchase agreements. At this time, planned investment and trade could have linked the immense markets of western Europe and the Commonwealth and given the system many of the advantages of mass production. True, the United States did not then favour such a policy. But this was not the real reason why it was stillborn. The effective opposition came from our own Treasury and the Bank of England, both bent on a return to "normalcy" by decontrol. The American emphasis on non-discrimination and a free market—revealed at Bretton Woods and in the negotiations for the dollar loan—served merely as an excuse to push through a policy favoured by British officials who were prisoners of "Liberal" economic fallacies.

The result was a series of balance of payments crises, each of which might have been averted by judicious and prompt use of direct controls. Even the Labour government gave way to its permanent officials; and when the Tories took over, the Whig triumph was complete. All means of controlling the economy, the Budget and monetary policy apart, were thrown away. And the Budget was used more for vote-catching than for maintaining economic balance; so that, of an increase in production of £1,650 millions (1948 prices), more than £1,200 millions were swallowed up in consumption and consumption investment. In the four years after 1951, productive investment rose only by £70 millions.

Steadily this country fell behind its rivals. The rate of investment in the U.S. is several times our own. Russia had regained pre-war production levels by 1950, has since almost doubled industrial output, and is now devoting 15 per cent. of output to investment, as against Britain's 7 per cent. Germany has made similar progress: between 1950 and 1955 she invested more than twice as much as Britain. The result could be foreseen. German exports of durable consumer goods is now 50 per cent. above 1954, while our level of such exports remains unchanged. While Germany has gold and dollar reserves of $3,800 millions, we have been losing gold and dollars at an alarming rate.

Such economic weakness, coupled with the destruction of direct controls, has forced Britain to raise interest rates and squeeze credit—with disastrous consequences for the Commonwealth. The loyalty of the sterling area had already been strained by our inability to compete on equal terms with Germany, America and even Japan. The abandonment of bulk purchase, at the moment when Commonwealth primary producers needed protection, further loosened the few remaining economic ties. Government spokesmen now tout the "free trade area" on the grounds that it would be fatal for British interests to permit our exclusion from a preferential tariff area. Yet they wantonly threw away the chance of providing such an area in the sterling bloc that would have been of far greater value to British industry.

The damage done by the capital shortage was not confined to Britain's own investment prospects. It caused enormous capital losses to the colonies and to independent members of the Commonwealth by the depreciation of their reserves, for the most part compulsorily invested in British gilt-edged. Far from providing capital for overseas, as a financial centre should, Britain has begun to borrow more from some members of the Commonwealth than is lent to them by London. As a result, the Commonwealth has turned to foreign creditors, and some members have even accepted onerous political terms. The rush towards convertibility, in the name of restoring the international status of sterling, thus further undermined the pound.

Has this lesson been learnt? It seems not. We are now exhorted to join a western European free trade area, to abandon tariff and direct quota regulation of our trade in non-agricultural produce with the greater part of the Continent. Yet no one suggests that anything will be done to put forward a programme of planned investment designed to smooth the rough path of industrial adjustment. Indeed, it is not even suggested that the European Payments Union should be expanded into a flexible system—for instance, by establishing a central bank, which by means of credits could ensure that monetary adjustment takes the form of expansion rather than deflation and unemployment.

Some such safeguards are essential, lest the strongest member put the rest of the Union under severe deflationary pressure. The new scheme, far from promoting industrial expansion and specialisation through greater investment, might well condemn the weaker (or more socially progressive) members to slow decay. One recalls the plight of Britain's distressed areas before there was power to direct investment. And, to take another example, when Naples joined the Italian free trade area a century ago she was very speedily ruined.

What strange advice comes from our economic counsellors! They resisted the development of the sterling system, which would have been complementary to our economy. Now they urge us to enter a preferential system which is essentially competitive with our industry. Some argue that a fluctuating pound would permit European unity and safeguard employment. But the basic cause of our weakness is our low rate of investment, and until that problem is tackled the floating pound means a pound always under pressure. Could any country be persuaded to keep its reserves in London? And the further liquidation of these reserves would lead inevitably to further depreciation. This course is suicidal.

Is there an alternative? It must be positive, because negative safeguards would rob the free trade scheme of its advantages. But it must be designed to secure all round expansion, and to buttress rather than weaken the Commonwealth. Here are my own suggestions:

(1) We need a plan which will transform the proposed free trade area from a contracting deflationary system into an expansive one. This implies a double functional requirement—one for long- and one for short-term readjustment. The E.P.U. scheme must be refurbished so as to eliminate the likelihood that intra-European balances will lead to harsh deflationary action. Ideally an E.P.U. central bank should be established which could at discretion discount bills for the debtor central banks in case of need.

(2) Next, an investment board should be formed with borrowing powers (very much like the Coal and Steel Community) which would help debtor areas by positive investment projects. This would not only wipe out deficits but would also increase capacity where it is most needed and so readjust the basic competitive position of the member countries and achieve the basic requirements for long-term equilibrium. Incidentally, the fact that such an investment board is established would powerfully counteract the increase in risk (and the disinclination to invest) to which liberalisation would inevitably lead.

(3) In case these more basic means of maintaining a dynamic equilibrium should fail, member countries should be able with common consent to reinforce quantitive restrictions for balance of payments purposes and, equally, maintain exchange control against panic flights of capital.

(4) Member countries, in addition, should be able to take fiscal means to influence investment both so far as the total volume and its direction are concerned.

(5) There should be a careful definition of permissible re-exports, to avoid the danger of Britain's being forced to liberalise against dollars, though having to accept dollar exports from the Continent.

(6) The member countries should retain the right of subsidising key industries as under G.A.T.T.

(7) Finally, the British government must retain the right of maintaining more intimate connections with the sterling area apart from imperial preference. This in turn involves (a) the right to reintroduce bulk buying of food-stuffs and raw materials, and to place long-term contracts, and (b) the working out of reciprocal trade agreements on the basis of increased British investment in the sterling area and the colonies. Without these, the cohesion of the sterling area would be jeopardised.

A positive proposal framed in these terms would transform the present plan, which is fraught with danger for all areas of slower progress than Germany, into a forward-looking plan of equalising prosperity through expansion rather than sharing misery through deflation. The Tory government undermined the political and moral ties binding the Commonwealth together. It will be Labour's responsibility to reverse this disastrous policy.

THOMAS BALOGH

NEXT WEEK

Christmas Books—2

An enlarged number

INDEX TO VOL. LI

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London Diary

My friend Jones was challenged by an acquaintance the other day: "Don't you think Anthony is really wonderful?" He replied that on the contrary he thought the Premier a national disaster. She said (I quote her actual words), "You are a Communist and a Fascist and a traitor and you ought to be locked up." These are the ravings of a single hysterical woman? Yes, but such hysteria is infectious and spreading. I have seen such epidemics before, and always for the same reason. All parties are based on instinct, but the Tories rely less than others on facts and arguments. Their party therefore splits less often. When facts and arguments are unanswerable, they close their ranks and stand behind their leader even if he is leading them to hell. In psychoanalytic terms they are putting up a defence against their own inner drive towards patricide. The external result is to make them regard all those who dare to attack the leader as traitors.

* * *

Does that mean that argument is useless? With the real hysterics who cannot admit even to themselves that it is their leader who has blocked the Canal, built up Nasser, divided the Commonwealth, alienated America and cut off our vital oil supplies, the answer must be yes. In the last resort I suspect, too, that even romantic patriots like Julian Amery and right-wing intellectuals like Angus Maude (who last week declared that "the party would be rent by a massive revolt" if its leaders obeyed the United Nations) would vote for the party rather than split. But how long can the other, less vocal, group of dissidents—men like Walter Elliot and Lionel Heald—stand the present humiliation and the untruths told in their name? There are many loyal Tories who do not think that Tory unity comes before *everything else*. They share the sense of national shame that affects so many of us.

* * *

The other factor that undermines Tory unity is that Sir Anthony in Jamaica is having "extra trunk lines installed into his bungalow," thus, as the *Daily Telegraph* says, missing "the complete relaxation" his doctors have ordered, and keeping in "fitful touch with London," which is not "fair to his colleagues in London—or, indeed, to the country." Those who prefer more savage phraseology can usually depend on Randolph Churchill, the rogue elephant of the Tories. In a letter printed in Tuesday's *Manchester Guardian* he compared Eden's generalship with Hitler's conduct in leading his troops to Stalingrad and leaving them there. The sentence with which he ended his letter will not, I think, ever be forgotten or forgiven. "But Hitler, with all his faults, did not winter in Jamaica."

* * *

Prime Minister Chou En-lai is sometimes called "the elastic Bolshevik." It certainly seems like stretching a point a long way to offer a high government post to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. "After all," Chou remarked, whilst yachting with Prince Norodom Sihanouk in Cambodia (Chou is making a great Asian tour at the moment), "Chiang is an old friend and we have worked together in the past." Which is true, of course. Chou En-lai, already a western-trained Communist in 1924, was chosen by Chiang Kai-shek, trained in Moscow, to be the head of the Political Department attached to the First Army, that is the original Revolutionary Army. Since then Chou En-lai has always held a top post in Communist circles, though he broke away from Chiang Kai-shek in 1927. Curiously

enough their next meeting was nearly ten years later, when Chiang Kai-shek was imprisoned in Sian, expecting death at any moment. It was Chou En-lai who suddenly appeared on the scene and saved his life. "I have come to sign betrothal articles for the remarriage of the Kuomintang and the Communist Party," he said, and the two men then formed an alliance to fight the Japanese. After the Chinese Communists had won in 1949, Chiang Kai-shek, in his island hideout, heavily financed by American aid, was Enemy No. 1. But last year, in Bandung, when Chou En-lai emerged as an impressive international figure, he held out an olive branch to Chiang Kai-shek, when the world was expecting war and Chinese wireless propaganda seemed to confirm the fear. Now that the Communists are thoroughly sure of themselves, the propaganda line has changed, and Chou's invitation is the latest symptom. For to a Chinese, what ultimately matters is that he is Chinese.

* * *

The young Dalai Lama, the spiritual leader of Tibet, and the Panchen Lama, its Chinese-trained secular leader, both had an enthusiastic welcome in Delhi this week; not together, but nicely arranged, immediately after one another. They might have made the whole journey from Tibet in an Indian Air Force Ilyushin transport plane which made its first flight between India and Tibet across an unchartered route in October, flying over several high peaks hitherto unsurveyed. But they crossed into India in a caravan of 500 mules, and did the last lap of the journey by plane, and then across the sprawling city of Delhi in open Cadillacs. I chuckled at the B.B.C. news item that half the delegation was anti-Chinese and the other pro-Chinese—just neatly chosen like that! The Dalai Lama is president of the Tibetan State within the Chinese Republic, and the Panchen Lama a senior vice-president, and both are vice-presidents of the Chinese Republic. They are both in India, with thousands of other Buddhists for the Buddha Jayanti celebrations (the 2,500th anniversary of the Enlightenment). No doubt there will be plenty of rumours from Delhi describing the resistance of the Lamas in Tibet to the Communist regime, and some of them will undoubtedly contain a measure of truth. But the Chinese have not made the mistakes the Russians made on religion. Just before the young Dali Lama left his home, he gave his blessing at a religious ceremony to over 700 young Tibetans at their first Regional Conference; and the Chinese Buddhists established a Tibetan branch.

* * *

I don't see how anyone can be happy about the decision, in the Court of Criminal Appeal last Monday, that a man who may have been wrongly imprisoned as the result of a criminal conspiracy is not entitled to a transcript of the proceedings that vindicated him. Joseph Grech applied for a transcript of the trial at which Ben Canter (a solicitor) and Police Sergeant Robertson were convicted of a "conspiracy to pervert the course of justice," which had resulted in Grech's imprisonment. It was Grech who had set that prosecution going—he wrote to the Home Office from Maidstone Prison. But now that he wants a retrial of his own case, and therefore needs a copy of the proceedings against the other two men, he is told he can't have it. "A transcript *shall* be furnished," says section 16(1) of the Criminal Appeal Act, 1907, "to any party interested upon the payment of such charges as the Treasury may fix." But the man who was the victim of the conspiracy, says the Lord Chief Justice, is not

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a "party interested"; he can try to persuade the Home Secretary to apply for a copy, and then perhaps he might be allowed to see that. Presumably his lordship didn't know that Grech has already asked the Home Office. They told him he must ask the court. But where is the justice or even the sense in this cruel game? I can understand a desire to protect litigants and prisoners from over-detailed publicity, but to be logical about that we should try all cases *in camera*: after all, every word in the transcript that this man wants has been spoken and heard in open court. If the courts don't feel that a man in Grech's position is a "party interested," the Home Office itself should either obtain a transcript on behalf of every applicant who *has* a reasonable interest, or promote an amendment of the Criminal Appeal Act that would leave the courts no option.

* * *

I have just received a fascinating letter from a friend long resident in Moscow. He writes:

> Not unnaturally, it was the torture and murder of Communists during the days when power slipped into the streets in Hungary that made the strongest impression in party circles here; and in the new atmosphere of frankness in which people bare their fears and anxieties as well as their hopes and aspirations you can hear many attempts to draw the lesson from the Hungarian events and apply them to the Soviet Union. Ever since the 20th Congress, minds have been opening to take in an idea of the enormity of the mistakes made in the past and of the cost in human suffering, in material and spiritual impoverishment. Discipline, self-deception, self-interest and often sheer ignorance of the truth induced a sort of callousness to the sufferings of others during Stalin's days, but now the leaders themselves are harping on the theme of past mistakes and in every walk of life the surviving victims of those "mistakes" are back from Siberia to tell their horrifying stories. The photographs of Communists hanging head downwards from Budapest lamp-posts have brought home to people here how rough a justice awaits those who leave the correction of "mistakes" too late. Are we going fast enough ourselves? That is a question that many responsible Communists are asking now.

A great deal hinges on the kind of response that the Kremlin makes to this increasingly articulate public opinion in Russia.

CRITIC

Nil Nisi Bunkum

Not a hoot was heard, not a word of blame
As the 'plane for Jamaica started—
We were wondering how to finish the game
Begun by the Dear Departed.

Blithely he played at Brinkmanship
And still on the Brink we've played it,
But we knew this wasn't a pleasure trip
And Ike knew why he made it.

For his country's health (and his own, indeed)
Sadly did he forsake her—
But not till he'd put us *all* in need
Of a little jaunt to Jamaica.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
But strong men wept for pity;
For nobody doubted he needed a rest—
At least from the Suez Committee.

Few and short were our words of thanks,
But our bosoms heaved with passion
As we looked at the 'plane's large petrol tanks
And thought of our meagre ration.

We hurried him off, lest he change his mind—
Martyr or fool or villain;
We feel more safe, though it sounds unkind,
With Rab and the staid Macmillan.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

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In view of recent events it grieves me to see that Father Christmas is still attired in his traditional Russian garments. Is it not high time that this were altered and the dear old gentleman clad in a manner more acceptable and suitable to the western world?—Letter in *The Times*. (M. C. Towler.)

One of the few comforting things in the terrible situation in the Middle East is the bearing of our troops, as I have seen it reflected in photographs. Somehow when I look at the expressions on their faces I feel we can't be wrong.—Letter in *Scottish Sunday Express*. (J. Lawson.)

I would rather hear "The Queen" conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham than a whole concert of many other conductors.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (J. F. Marshall.)

The Quorn met at Saxelby, three miles from Melton, today. There was a splendid field. Men and women riders, telephones my informant, eyed each other suspiciously, wondering which of the others were rivals in the Tory election queue.—*Evening Standard*. (J. R. Williams.)

Because of the Suez dispute, the management of the civic-owned Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury, decided last night to drop the production of Agatha Christie's "Murder on the Nile," planned for next week. They considered that the title might be "a little unfortunate," said the manager, Mr. W. Bland-Wood.—*Daily Telegraph*. (E. H. Stubbs.)

GET TOGETHER CLUB.

The above club is being disbanded owing to lack of support.—Advert in *Fife Free Press*. (Mrs. J. Johnstone.)

The Himalayan Cockpit

BRITISH India's relations with Tibet were regularised by the Lhasa Convention of 1904. The Convention provided, among other things, for extensive trading privileges and the establishment of trade marts at Yatung, Gyantse and Gangtok. The British did not attempt to exercise political influence in Tibet; attempts were made only to establish Tibet as an autonomous buffer. Chinese suzerainty over the region was recognised. But Chinese authority over Tibet was practically non-existent, even though in the last years of the Manchu regime Chinese troops were in occupation of Lhasa and the territory around it. In October, 1910, Chinese control practically ended.

The new republic of China voiced, almost immediately after coming to power, its claim to Tibet; but it was hardly in a position to substantiate the claim. The claim was notable, however, for its difference from that of the Manchus and earlier rulers: the basis for it now was sovereignty stemming from nationalism. The Chinese mind had begun to think of the Tibetans as a part of the Chinese people. This aspiration was voiced by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, in his *Memoirs of a Chinese Revolutionary*: "We shall establish a united Chinese republic in order that all the peoples—Manchus, Mongols, Tibetans, Tartars and Chinese—should constitute a single powerful nation. . . . We must facilitate the dying out of all names of individual peoples inhabiting China . . . satisfy the demands and requirements of all races and unite them in a single and cultural political whole."

The Tibetans, it is hardly necessary to state, do not consider themselves Chinese. This was made very clear in Tibet's representation to the United Nations in November, 1950: "The Chinese claim Tibet as a part of China. Tibetans feel that racially, culturally and geographically they are far apart from the Chinese. If the Chinese find the reaction of the Tibetans to their unnatural claim not acceptable, there are other civilised methods by which they could ascertain the views of the people of Tibet. . . ." The Nationalist Chinese were never in a position to substantiate their claims. But the Communists, who took over in 1949, were. They found no reason not to "liberate" Tibet.

It would be irrelevant, in the context of Chinese relations with Tibet, to dwell on the Communist character of the present regime in China. The Chinese would have invaded Tibet in any case when they could; it is notable that the Nationalists in Formosa have never included the rape of Tibet in their condemnation of the Communist regime's actions. The fact of China's being Communist is to a large extent irrelevant also in considering relations between that country and India. The significant thing is that China is powerful, and has, since her "liberation" of Tibet, a vast common frontier with India. This factor naturally causes apprehension, and tends to inhibit India's words and actions in respect of China.

The Chinese tone during the exchange of notes subsequent to the advance of the "Liberation Army" upon Lhasa left no doubt of China's determination and aggressive intent. The Indian note of October 26, 1950, was mildly worded: "In the present context of world events, invasion by Chinese troops is deplorable and in the considered judgment of the government of India not in the interest of China, or of peace. . . ." China's reply was short, almost insulting: "Tibet is an integral part of Chinese territory, and the problem of Tibet is entirely a domestic problem of China. The Central People's Liberation Army must enter Tibet, liberate the Tibetan people, and defend the frontiers of China. That is the resolved policy of the Central People's government. . . ." The government of India was also informed—no less curtly—that it had been "affected by foreign influence hostile to China in Tibet".

The government of India replied by contending that "Tibetan independence is a fact"; it was convinced that the problem could be settled by "peaceful negotiation adjusting the legitimate Tibetan claim to autonomy within the framework of Chinese suzerainty". Advice by a friendly government, interested in the solution of problems concerning its neighbours, the note added, was not "interference in China's internal affairs". The second Chinese note was not released for publication. The *New York Times* of November 17, 1950, reported, however, that it accused India of trying to "prevent the Chinese government from exercising its sovereign rights in that country".

On May 23, 1951, a Sino-Tibetan "agreement" was signed. The Tibetan government and the people were to help the People's Liberation Army consolidate Tibet's national defence and drive out "imperialist aggressive forces." The Chinese government would set up a military and administrative committee to ensure the "agreement's" implementation, and establish a military area headquarters. In September, 1952, India-Tibet relations were modified, by a change in the designation of India's representative in Lhasa, to accord with the fact that Tibet's foreign relations were the function of the People's Republic of China. An India-China agreement was signed on

Save? What for? Few of the up-and-coming generation have ever known a rainy day: is it surprising that many do not think to save? Yet the need for saving, *regular* saving, is great—in their own interests and in the Country's.

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April 29, 1954, which confirmed the 1952 modification and dealt with India's trade agencies at Gartok, Gyantse and Yatung, and regularised commercial and diplomatic traffic. India's small military escort was withdrawn from Yatung and Gyantse, and the postal, telegraph and public telephone services and equipment were handed over to the Chinese. The agreement was, in the main, India's recognition of the fact of China's conquest of Tibet.

These events created an unprecedented fear of danger from the north, which has almost entirely changed old strategic notions. The fact, as Dr. K. M. Panikkar put it in his recently published *Geographical Factors in Indian History*, "that the Chinese were unable in the past to organise a strong military area in Tibet should not blind us to such possibilities in the future. It may not be a danger in the immediate future, but there is no doubt that an organised modern state in Tibet will alter the character of the Himalayas." Evidence is not lacking to show that Tibet is being organised in such a way that it could serve as an excellent military base from which to swoop down. The Communist Chinese *Shih Shih Shou Tse* of April 25 this year, writing on "Construction in Tibet," said that a road communications network was being formed. "Roads are open to motor traffic from the banks of the Chinshachiang River in the eastern part of Tibet to Kotake in the Ali district in the extreme west, and from the Tangkula mountains in the north to Yatung in the midst of the Himalayas in the south. The five trunk lines of the Sikang-Tibet, Chinghai-Tibet, Lhasa-Shigatse, Shigatse-Gyantse and Gyantse-Yatung have not only linked various important cities and towns in Tibet but have also linked Tibet closely with China's hinterland." Yatung, it may be mentioned, is on the Indian frontier, pressing into the boundary between Sikkim and Bhutan. The New China News Agency noted when the road to Yatung was completed that it "provides facilities for the growth of trade with India". The News Agency did not say that after completion of the road it was possible to operate armoured cars and tanks where only mountain beasts could be used before.

The road to Yatung is an extension of two highways which connect Lhasa with Yuan in the Szechuan province of China and with Sining in Chinghai. These roads are, of course, a boon to the Tibetans, who are now able to buy commodities at half their previous rates. But on these roads roll also armament ostensibly to ensure Chinese governance, and equipment to drill for oil in Tibet. (Oil discoveries have, incidentally, been reported already in the Tsaidam Basin. If these reports are true, the problem of fuel for China will be solved to a considerable extent, making clear the strategic significance of these highways.) The fact that elsewhere, in China itself, in more densely populated parts, such zeal for road-building is not evident, and that about 750 trucks have been removed from the already limited supply in the Peking region to run on the Tibetan highways, leads one to doubt that these highways have been constructed merely to facilitate picnics.

In addition to these developments may be mentioned the dubious behaviour of the Chinese delegation, which was led by a Vice-Premier of China, at the coronation recently of the King of Nepal. One Indian columnist put it thus: "The Chinese delegation at the recent coronation of the King of Nepal made its presence felt, leaving behind the impression that some Chinese diplomats may not be averse to playing the Rana game." The Ranas, who were dislodged from their feudalistic position in the state by the present King's father, "wish Nepal to act as a buffer between two great powers," and reap advantage from both. On top of all this, the Indian position in Nepal is not very reassuring. With the "liberation" of Tibet, Nepal has become a major factor in strategic calculation. The government of India cannot be happy at this development, because Nepal is in truth no more than an extension of India. It is closer to India culturally, economically and even racially, than is Tibet to China. Apprehension has been increased by the odd posturing of Nepal's Prime Minister, Mr. Tanka Prasad Acharya, who recently equated India and China *vis-à-vis* his country by declaring that "Nepal can flourish only on the goodwill of both India and China."

With all this in mind the future does not appear very bright, despite the remoteness of a conflagration in this region in the present world circumstances. The logic of events is more convincing than all the talk there has been of co-existence and non-interference. It is difficult to forget the large area of "geographical indecision" along the MacMahon Line, stretching from Ladakh to Nagaland, and also that Chinese cartographers have made "mistakes" which they have not always accepted as such. It is also difficult to overlook the fact that such "mistakes" in respect of Burma reached their climax in the Chinese incursions into its Wa and Kachin States.

RAKSHAT PURI

Fleet Street Notebook

WITH the publication of its third annual report the Press Council may be said to be settling down. Its own claim for itself is somewhat larger. It has, its chairman announces in the opening words of his foreword, "become an institution." There are, of course, institutions and institutions; but Sir Linton Andrews is confident that the Press Council is now "recognised by a large and increasing number of people as a professional court of honour, a safeguard of press freedom and press fairness." These are large claims. Are they justified? Has the Press Council in fact made any substantial impact on the press during its three years of existence?

It is easy as one casts one's eye over a good part of the popular press, and particularly the popular Sunday press, to answer with a derisory negative. Easy but not entirely fair. The Press Council has undoubtedly done something. It has in its own words "declared itself against intrusion into the Royal Family's private life, the editorial mangling of the opinion of a film critic's signed article, and callous intrusion into grief." And "censures have been expressed in these and other cases." The question is whether its censures have been sensible and whether they have had any particular effect. When the Press Council, whose members include the editors of the *People* and the *Sunday Dispatch* and the manager of the *News of the World*, tells the *Daily Mirror* that it has been guilty of, "coarse impertinence," and "an offence against the decencies of public life," for printing a headline at the time of the Townsend excitement, "Come on, Margaret! Please Make up your Mind," one can only conclude that it is so anxious to be "an institution" that it has lost not only its sense of humour but also its balance. One feels much the same about its passage of arms with the editor of *Woman*, a pleasantly outspoken lady who refused to be taken to task because she had published some articles by a former Deputy Controller of Supply at Buckingham Palace, and asked with a good deal of spirit why she should be reprimanded for this while the personal recollections of more eminent servants of the Royal Family are regarded as admirable when appearing in the columns of weightier journals.

However, a good many of its censures have more to commend them than these. The question remains as to whether they have had any effect. The most censured paper in the Press Council's three years as a combined watchdog and court of honour has been the *Daily Sketch*, whose editor in the current report is accused, among other things, of "callous intrusion into private grief," conduct "damaging to the reputation of the British press," and of "evasive tactics" when the Press Council sought to investigate a charge against him. Although Mr. Herbert Gunn appears to have been pained by these criticisms which he regarded as unjust, it is impossible to record any perceptible change in the *Daily Sketch* since they were made. Nor, although they were given wide publicity at the time, can it be said that there is any evidence that they perturbed any of its readers. Its circulation is still rising faster than that of any other paper in the country and no doubt if Mr. Gunn is summoned before the Press Council on some future occasion he will again, as on this one, simply refuse to attend or permit any of his staff to do so.

The trouble with the Press Council in fact is that its strictures only carry weight with those who are in any event unlikely to deserve them. It is capable of bringing influence to bear upon those who are susceptible to respectable opinion: it can do nothing with those who are not and who flourish vastly by disregarding most of the rules that the court of honour, which the chairman of the Press Council imagines himself to be presiding over, regards as important.

This is not the fault of the Council. It was denied power—even the power to call the witnesses it needs before it—by the newspaper industry itself at its birth. It has to make do with influence and within its terms of reference it has probably done as well as could be hoped and better than most people expected. It has provided a channel through which complaints against the press can be ventilated and, better still, investigated. This is not the less valuable because a great many are shown to be either pernicious or without foundation—like a complaint by the Salisbury city council, mentioned in the report, that the local press had had the audacity to report a meeting of great importance and interest to ratepayers which the city council would have preferred to keep private. And it is (slowly, no doubt, but that is in the nature of the problem) building up a body of "case law" which those journalists who find themselves in need of support in withstanding the worst pressures of newspaper commercialism can at least refer to and may even draw some protection from.

What the Press Council cannot do, because those who exercise authority in the newspaper industry were determined from the beginning that it should not, is provide both the public and the journalist with the kind of safeguard that professional bodies in medicine and the law do. It is true that the cases are not in any event analogous. But if the public needs some protection against dishonest journalism, the journalist himself in many cases needs a professional authority to which he can turn to set against and if necessary

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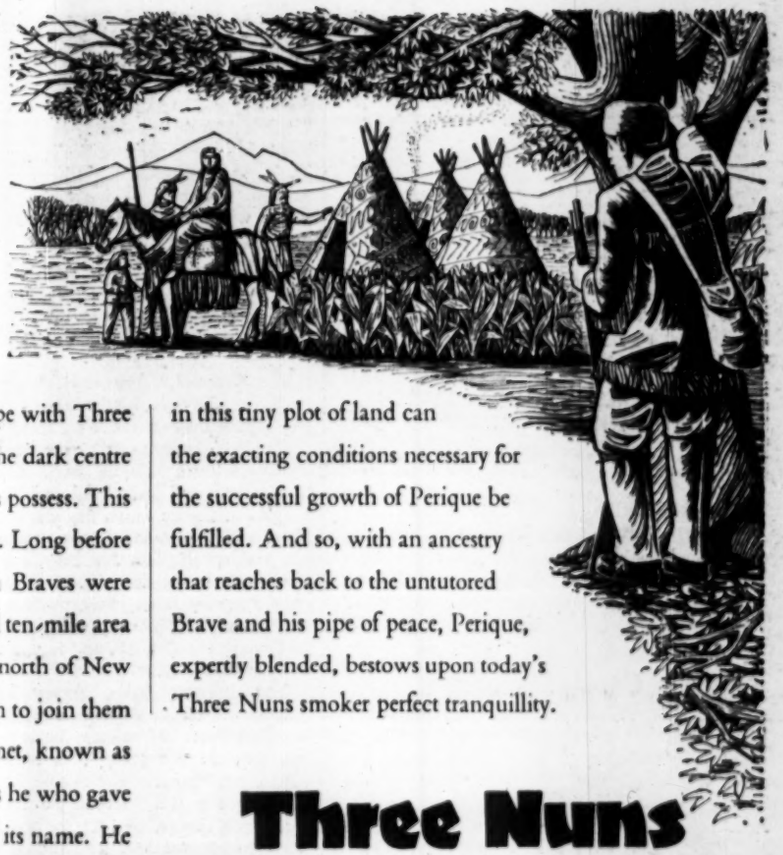

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to act as a counter-balance to the immense and growing power of financial control in the newspaper industry.

It is no use complaining that the Press Council does not and cannot do this in any large degree. What it does do is valuable enough, even if it does inevitably leave most of the big issues in modern journalism untouched. These first three years provide adequate evidence that the Council is worth while and is likely to survive. But let us hope its members will not grow too self-righteous.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Hodge Now

"ME 'usband," Ivy says, "comes 'ome wiv 'eadaches. Fact is, it's 'is nerves. Wot with them an' wellington-eczema, 'e's a misery."

Her iron passes swiftly over crumpled shirt and leaves a smooth wake of linen. She tilts her head to admire it and adds, "Agony!"

BBC influence must, like dreams, go by opposites: only for a few hours now and then in all her waking life has Ivy been out of earshot of the wireless, yet the gift of articulate speech is only partially hers. Her mother, who switches the thing off whenever she hears it, speaks a clear and even racy English, and is untroubled by difficulty with aspirates.

The sufferer from nerves and wellington-eczema, which comes from wearing rubber boots, is called Bert. Nominally he is a farm-labourer, but only in the sense that today's press-made heroes are "scientists"; that is, he is a mechanic, and given a B.Sc. would be driving a nuclear fission pile instead of a tractor or bulldozer. This latter monstrous tool he handles with easy dexterity, and, when I admire him, says, drily, "Shave you with it if you like." But it is not a skill which can ever accumulate a body of tradition or lore. It is a kind of athletic *nous*, not a set of motions and devices to be taught by master to apprentice.

Bert belongs to the youngest age-group of country workers. There is a middle group, but of them there is nothing to report, for they are truly a lost generation, the abandoned stragglers of the army which took refuge in urban dole queues from unploughed fields going back to "rough pasture"—the official euphemism for waste land. That was in the years when America was still feeding us dirt cheap by making dust-bowls; and what skill could rural men learn in such times?

The third and oldest group, men well over sixty, like our Batsey, will do whatever has to be done: single turnips all day and spend the evening "throwing" a tree with nice precision; build a brick wall; clear a drain; trim a hedge; lay a concrete floor; milk, even shear sheep, or thatch. Yet Batsey is not proud of his skill, at least in words; he is proud of his singularity, which is a disability—the fact that, ever since he was knocked down by a five-tonner at the height of cherrying, and left for dead by a driver in a hurry, he has been unable to taste or smell anything.

"Them broad beans, now. Time was, I liked nothing better. Eat half a sieve of them, I could. But now, bless you, it don't matter *what* I eat." He says it with a sly smile, and it is just as if he boasted of evading some servitude in which we remain. He is beautifully skilful with a scythe, although for that there is little use now. As to putting a scythe into Bert's hands, God forbid, but then he will have no more occasion for such skill than for hand-weaving. Nor can he thatch, and he is not even handy with a "brishing" hook.

Bert does not believe anything, in which respect nothing could be more striking than his difference from Batsey. "I read it in the paper," says Batsey, meaning, "This thing is true." "You read *that* in the paper," says Bert, meaning, "What impudence to try fooling me with such a base authority!"

But Batsey, too, has his scepticism, derived from anti-clericalism. The parson has only to say it will be a fine day, and Batsey looks for rain. Yet he backs horses and believes that money can be made at it, while Bert does football pools and is coldly aware of the astronomical length of the odds against him. But then there is a chance not of a few bob, but of £75,000, and only the really rich can opt out. Bert is not bloody minded, but he would opt out if he could. I have seen Batsey drunk. Bert has half a pint on holidays and is saving, not from thrift, not so that the Ministry of Deterrents can play the fool with a bigger bomb, but for a car. He has a motor-bicycle, but Ivy objects to it, and it is she who decides how their not inconsiderable income is to be spent, who puts a car before TV, which has not made a favourable impression on her. "Went to me sister's lars night," she says, "'ad to look at the telly. Agony!"

Yet she does not like Bert's queer habit of reading "books." It's unsociable. Her own longest passage of reading since leaving school has been the instructions in a home-perm outfit. As for children . . . thanks all the same: the idea is as messy as the boots Bert has to remove *outside* the door of her immaculate cottage.

Now Mrs. Batsey, a massive and silent matron with a melancholy eye and a way of shaking her head as if life called for no other comment, has had six children. But she is old and the restoration of child-bearing as a respectable activity seems to be confined to the middle class. Bert does not mind. Children are perhaps among the things he does not think of as real. This generalised unbelief of his makes him a negative character. I once heard him talking to a friend, in the bus queue on Saturday after dinner, catching him in mid-speech:

"*Eden* says! Who's Eden?"

"You aint so ignorant Bert Somers as not to know who's Prime Minister!"

"Who *says* he is?"

"Now look 'ere, it says in the paper. . . ."

"The *paper*!"

And I realised his colossal mistrust: he is like a Cartesian without a first premise. Where would even Descartes himself have been without his *Cogito, ergo sum*? A man who could not get going, having nowhere to start from, unconvinced of the world's phenomenal reality. Bert reads science fiction: everything is possible tomorrow, but nothing is true today, and politics he will not touch; for what evidence has he that there is more in them than a blind, irrational force, no more to be influenced than the storm which lays the wheat? He is in no sense a communal man; everything about him is personal. He is isolated. The semblance of our state is collectivity; its reality is chaos. He is a decent, a hard-working young man who respects himself; but he does not find anything else to respect.

Hodge, it will be remembered, respected everything, even the land. Not so Bert. The land is what he shoves contemptuously about by the ton with his bulldozer. There is still arable and pasture and woodland about him, but they are not present to his spirit. Essentially, he is urban. He and Ivy, it is true, never go to London, but why should they? The real presence of the city is not necessary to them; they have brought all but its stones to themselves.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

The Barraults

THERE is no exact equivalent in English for the French *animateur*; and in the history of the English theatre over the past fifty years only William Poel, Gordon Craig and Granville-Barker have possessed the quality of "animation" as the French understand and practise it. Jean-Louis Barrault is in the direct line of Antoine, Lugné-Poe, Jouvet, and Copeau, whom he acknowledges as his master. The Marigny—though the Barraults are at the Marigny no longer—is the descendant of the Vieux Colombier. Yet there are important differences. People used to reproach Copeau with theatrical Jansenism—the flight to Burgundy, the *plateau nu*; and when I talked to him in his hermitage during the summer of 1945 and listened to his admiration for Barker, I could well believe that there might have been something a shade hygienic in the productions of the two men. The quest for purity may have led, as it so often does, to Puritanism.

But with Copeau, as with Barrault, there was an incessant preoccupation with style. In Barrault's manifestos we hear nothing of realism, and very little of reality. There is no strain to be "contemporary," although there is often a risky encouragement of contemporary dramatists. There is an emphasis on verbal and plastic beauty, and no disparagement of literature. The appeal is to the cultivated, and in France that includes a very wide public. The Marigny public has been a "bourgeois" public, but it has been indisputably popular. Here there is a piquant rivalry with Vilar's *Théâtre National Populaire*, which has captured a proletarian public with an even more classical repertoire; and the T.N.P. deserved much bigger audiences than they got at the Palace Theatre. The Barraults, by contrast, have been criticised, but they have never ceased to be *chic*. When they have failed—as they failed with Fry's *Sleep of Prisoners*, which seemed incomprehensible without its chancel arch—they have done so through experiment, not through timidity. They may have blundered in a good cause; they have never bored in a bad one.

Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeleine Renaud are both children of the Comédie Française, and they carry the best of its traditions with them. The severance in 1946 cost them dear. Barrault's production of Claudel's *Soulier de Satin* had done something to redeem the Occupation, and the collaboration with Claudel continued. Here there was an almost filial relationship between author and *metteur-en-scène*, and its finest fruit was *Partage de Midi*. Once again Barrault succeeded with a Claudel which no one imagined would ever be performed. We shall not easily forget the tropical heat of that opening Act; the huge awning stretched over the deck; Brasseur with his voice of bronze; and the miraculous Feuillère riding the stage like a wind-jammer. We remember the stylised eroticism of the scene in the cemetery; the tall grasses flanking the graves; the bodies aflame, but never touching. *Partage de Midi* was a slab of great dramatic poetry, not too carefully chiselled, and, more than most productions at the Marigny, it seemed to be a slice of life.

It was also a triumph of style, and the Barraults have succeeded in an astonishing variety of styles. The company has the suppleness necessary for a wide repertoire. They have responded to Giraudoux as faithfully as they have responded to Claudel. Giraudoux was never ashamed to be literary; he wrote on and on to his subtle heart's content. But he was too good a dramatist not to let Jouvet cut him with discretion; just as Claudel rewrote overnight the final scene between Rodriguez and Prouhèze when Barrault told him that the original version wouldn't work. *Intermezzo*, which the Barraults have been giving during their present London season, is about as complicated a score as any company could be asked to read, and a perfect example of Parisian expressionism. Character disappears into fantasy; words and ideas flutter and recur like iridescent butterflies. The play is simply about Life and Death—and the tug-of-war between them in the heart of a village schoolmistress. She learns at last that she can only get to Death through Life; that is to say, of course, through love. And indeed one doubts if the gates of Heaven, let alone the gates of Hell, could have prevailed against the persuasions of M. Desailly. Here is a consummate piece of acting—rhetoric and feeling quite marvellously fused. Mademoiselle Valère gives us Henry James's governess, with her spiritual antennae vibrating at full strength and herself the principal victim of supernatural sport. Barrault speaks—and beautifully stands—for the Death wish. Both he and Madeleine Renaud set a shining example by playing small parts when occasion serves. As the Government Inspector—a sort of M. Homais, swollen into bureaucratic self-importance and sent into the provinces to disprove the existence of spooks—M. Pierre Bertin rather seriously overplayed a part whose satire required no clowning. But his Russian Prince in *Occupe-Toi d'Amélie*, steamrolling his R.s to Madeleine Renaud's cocotte, was among the funniest things I have ever seen in the theatre.

In fact, the whole of *Occupe-Toi d'Amélie* was proof of the Barraults' versatility. If they could play this, you said, they could play anything. Not quite, perhaps. Brecht? Shakespeare, certainly. I thought Barrault's Hamlet among the most interesting I had seen, and I fancy that it was better liked in England than in France. The mask and movement, and, of course, the informing intelligence, were admirable. In *Occupe-Toi d'Amélie*

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Madeleine Renaud had the courage, and no doubt the satisfaction, to smash the porcelain vase which has hitherto contained, but also concealed, her talents. What emerges from the debris is the most golden-haired and golden-hearted little *pièce de résistance* that ever haunted the boulevards. No, perhaps she was too nice for that, and her *demi-monde* was more domestic. Here she was companioned by a Papa who bore an odd resemblance to M. Vincent Auriol; a "boots" who quickly turned out to be her own brother, awkward, adenoidal and half-witted; and by a teenage sister, who hadn't yet learned how to leave the room politely. *Hotel Paradiso* has already reminded us that Feydeau was among the supreme technicians of the theatre, and the inside of *Occupe-Toi d'Amélie* is like the works of an exquisite watch. The play ticks on for three hours and a quarter, and for not a second too long. It has all the deadly seriousness of great farce, and there are moments, never overweighted, when you might be looking at a Daumier or a Forain. Those who have a nose for such matters could reconstruct an entire social *critique* out of all this tumultuous gaiety. There are passages of breath-taking pantomime: Madeleine Renaud conducting a counterpane from bed to bath-room like a huge clock-work toy; the incomparable, the delicate Jean Desailly trying to work out a sum with his feet, and M. Barrault himself in the tiny part of the Mayor's clerk, with his zoological gait, rather like a fantasticated Eggerson from Mr. Eliot's farce about another clerk, which wasn't nearly so funny as this one.

Let it be said, in conclusion, that the Barraults are a pair of prodigiously welcome guests. We know and applaud their aims, but what we applaud even more loudly are first-class professional performances, glowing with the French vitality and polished with the legendary French finesse. How is it done, and—even more important—how is it maintained, for ten years is a long time in the theatre? How do the Barraults inspire the actors who work with them? One part of the answer was given me in Paris not so long ago by a member of their company: "*On les aime.*"

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MORE than 800 British portraits and Conversation Pieces, in oil, chalk and miniature, say, 2,000 pairs of unanswerable eyes, looked down from the walls of Burlington House on Friday. A large, less confident crowd of fur coats and grey heads looked back at their ancestors. There is no doubt after this about the British speciality: it is solid, imperturbable, insatiable and entranced self-love; our passion to compose ourselves and to be publicly and personally memorable. It is what we have been up to for 400 years. In the centenary year of the National Portrait Gallery, this amounts to national orgy, a distraction from the Black Week. The whole funereal scene could have been a Piccadilly version of El Greco's *Burial of the Conde de Orgaz.* We have more portrait galleries than the rest of Europe put together; the French, Professor Waterhouse tells us in the catalogue, have only one and it has been closed to the public all this century.

Why have we gone in for this? Money, commercial pride; merchant modesty, too. Not for us to aspire to another Cupid and Psyche; we live in the way of the world. Diffidently but with simplicity and resolve we offer posterity our model—the self that has been subdued by manners and society. We are keeping up with the Lansdownes and the Leicesters who share the predilection. And then again: as Professor Waterhouse says, it takes two to make a portrait. (Only one to make a picture.) Compromise becomes one of the fine arts. Portraits are put down like wine in England. A lady looking at the lovely newly cleaned portrait of Lady Howe by Gainsborough, said: "It will look better in a year's time." Lord Howe's portrait—uncleaned—is nearby and several people said what a pleasure it was to see the Howes reunited. The correct dialogue for the occasion came out of Happy Families.

Good-looking races are no doubt bored by their own good looks. Our interest is kept alive by that ugliness which we call our individuality. The Dutch who started our addiction have the same defect. Does this explain also why we have gone in so successfully for the rank, office and fashion of character? One had only to compare Friday's crowd with the crowd in Frith's *Private View,* which was on show, to see we were keeping up the tradition of looking more dogged than these ideal beings on the walls. Tactfully the Exhibition stops at about 1920 when Orpen had already put an Irish dash into George Moore's legs and a highlight on his moustache. We are given a small arbitrary idea of what has happened in portraiture after that date: the appropriate wears thin. The solid confidence of cloth, furnishings, the sense of flesh as material give place, in Mr. Graham Sutherland's portrait of the Hon. Edward Sackville West, to something mediumistic. The painter seeks out the anxiety, the unknown prisoner in a figure we know to be sparkling. We have Annigoni's icy Italian Queen; Henry Lamb's sitters are scattered round the immense tablecloth of a good plain tea in the country, as far apart as nomads in the blurred burnous of private life. The personable has given place to the private, in life or in fantasy. The light or the colour in the faces is not averaged down to what history can stand, but is part of the flicking-by of a mood or a moment. The individual is dissolving. I fancy that if some younger painter had been included, he would be seen to be only one more collection of facts.

To please was the painter's duty. He could go in for character in a sociable way like the nicer novelists, or for romantic beauty and splendour. Innuendo and a Goya's doubts are not common; if he felt anything short of a pious deference to reality he could move into the outer world of the comic tradition of caricature. There are only one or two instances of doubt. There is Robert Edge Pine's *George II,* "done without the king's knowledge," a very dubious, unkingly, old gentleman in a garden; then William Owen's *Lady Leicester* done in 1811; here the artist could not disguise something trollopy in this lady who was once painted as *Hope* and who had in haste to marry her nephew. There is Reynolds's unabashed conversation piece of Lord Ashburton, Lord Landsdowne and Colonel Barré—"political associates" in the meaty and shameless shrewdness of the term. The eighteenth century was the great age. Like the novelists, the painters were out for the whole man, at any rate as far as he could be known within the concept of the man of the world.

But, on the whole, no cats are let out of the bag in this art where the lips must not speak. If the mouth opens or a smile spreads, life will break in like a fiction. Hence the incongruity of the theatrical pictures with their disturbing "double take"—Hogarth's *David Garrick as Richard the Third* with that indecently declamatory hand; and his odd picture of *Sir Francis Dashwood at his Mock Devotions.* (The diabolical face in the mirror is said to be that of Lord Sandwich.) Hogarth was half a novelist. There is usually that English delight in the "touch of nature"—the stolid country stance of George Morland before the chimney piece; the President of Magdalen springing out with a crushing quotation; Major Palmer, in Zoffany's picture in 18th-century India, with his Indian wife and all the hangers-on of beneficent miscegenation; the groping of ecstasy on the face of Hogarth's harpist; and another Zoffany—that agreeable group of talkative young men gathered round the new master of Raith. In these works the appropriate is without formality; yet until the Victorian age, the formal and even the splendid are spirited, gracious and warm. The English managed to be stately without being cold. There is freedom in the eye. They do not disguise that we are a feeling race. The Victorian and the Elizabethan are the two periods from which we seem most cut off. Two great ages, if ruthlessness is great. We look at the Elizabethans. They are evidently the new rich. But are these, we ask, the passionate and imaginative people, hot in temper, wanton, revengeful, lyrical? Not by their stony faces and bloodless lips could we know it nor from those standardised and jewelled eyes. Mean foxes all of them; Mary Fitton a vixen. They disclose nothing unless it is something furtive, as if at the back of their minds was the scaffold. We must read their clothes and not their characters. They are masked. And so, in a different and peculiar way, are the Victorians. They have the disguise of their domesticity. The lips have become too kissable, the eyes too tender. Their ruthlessness is hidden by the curls. In the painting of a society something of the individual must be held back. Even a picture as delicate and penetrating as Millais's famous Ruskin by the stream, a picture that is a godsend to biographers, holds back something. It contains the aesthete and the dandy, the cruelty, the vanity, the sensuousness and solitude of the man. It is done—as one can suppose—with the most dangerous kind of love, the minute love of an enemy. It chills because it conveys in so much detail what we know was lacking: success. The glaze of success, a sort of icing, was indispensable, but it gives shallowness to so much in Victorian portraiture.

In that age our infatuation must have been at its height and had degenerated into a convention. It would be valuable now to have a post-1920 exhibition to see what has happened since stateliness went out, since art came in to turn the memorable into the momentary, and since the cast of the great English drama of the last 400 years has begun to change. The infatuation has been our largest single source of patronage.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Art of Intimacy

WHAT is the secret of the extraordinary success of Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks, the latest recruit to the small company of those whose personality comes through the television screen with maximum impact on the viewer?

The response to his *Men in Battle* series has been exceptional, even from those who would not usually be attracted by a description of episodes in the last war. (The next is on December 18: Normandy.) Such a theme could indeed be deadly—to none more so than to those who had been personally involved in the incidents described—if handled by a pompous brasshat, a jingoist, or a blimp. General Horrocks is none of these: as he talks, you forget his rank; you feel that you are alone with an agreeable human being who is also one of the best talkers you have ever met—but a talker who wastes no words, strains after no effects, and unconsciously radiates a certain humility as well as decency and friendliness.

Members of both Houses of Parliament have often sensed this quality in General Horrocks; for, rather improbably, he holds the office of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and, as such, hands out to MPs their visitors' tickets for the House of Lords. The most obscure back-bencher from the lower House, entering the Other Place and approaching Black Rod with diffidence, will find his request treated with easy, informal courtesy and will encounter a glance that speaks of recognition. "He seems to know who one is," said one newly sworn MP; no doubt those serving under General Horrocks in the war said the same thing; and that is the message carried right into millions of homes in his TV programmes.

Though General Horrocks must certainly have, by character and temperament, a flair for the medium, it would be a mistake to suppose that he simply walked into a studio one day, sat down at a table, and spoke, and that intimacy between him and the viewers occurred instantly and spontaneously. He is lucky enough to be produced by Mr. Huw Wheldon, a strong disciplinarian who seeks deliberately to secure these effects. I have no doubt that General Horrocks's appearances have been preceded by many gruelling rehearsals, and that from the first Mr. Wheldon was telling him not to let his eye stop at the camera lens (as many performers' eyes tend to) but to look right through it into a cosy living-room in Beckenham or Hounslow. There is a rough analogy here with the advice given to novices in the art of public speaking: they are told to "throw" their voice to the people at the back of the hall; it is when they have done this so often that they no longer have to do it consciously that they have mastered one element in oratory.

Another highly successful TV "personality" whose casual, conversational manner conceals a deliberately studied technique is Mr. David Attenborough, of *Zoo Quest*. He is himself an experienced producer, and he produces himself as Mr. Wheldon produces General Horrocks—with the incalculable benefit of animal co-stars any one of which could, without instruction, steal a TV show from any human performer.

In comparison with these, many of the old troupers from the regular entertainment world seem intolerably brassy and two-dimensional. Gracie Fields, Arthur Askey, and Max Bygraves are among those who come through best; Mr. Bygraves, in particular, is so likeable and genuine that (as on Monday night in Jack Payne's *Off the Record*) he can sing the most inane and infantile songs without making one wince. There are younger artists, too, who are growing up with television and know its needs better than those of the footlights: the Australian folk-singer, Shirley Abicair, for instance; Shirley Bassey, a lovely 19-year-old Coloured girl from Cardiff, who sings, *inter alia*, "Who'll help me burn my candle at both ends?" (has Edna St. Vincent Millay ever before been paraphrased in a jazz song?); and Glen Mason, whose special gift, each Sunday night in *The Jack Jackson Show*, is to affect ingenuousness with such a broad grin that he

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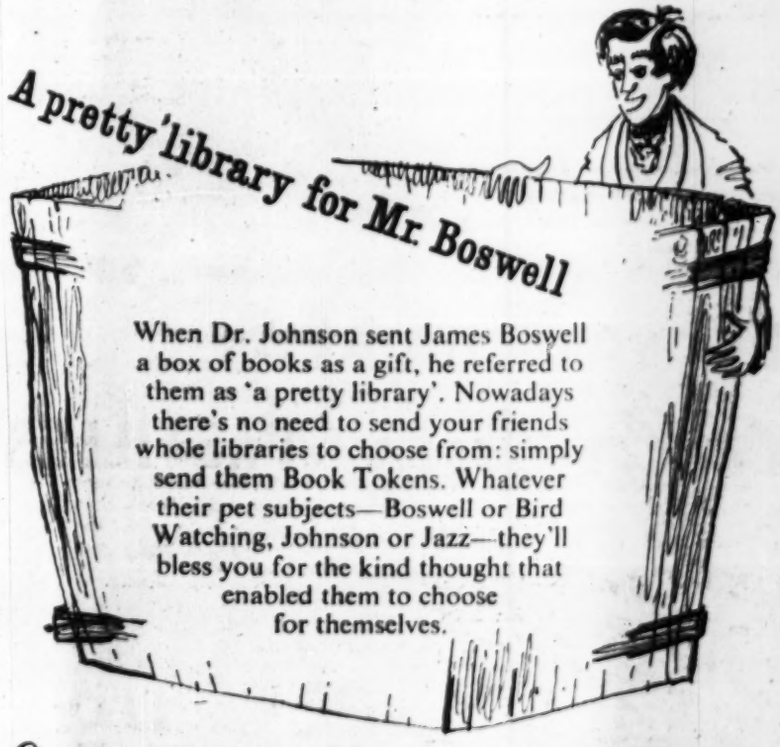
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achieves an authentic, if offhand, sophistication.

At a more modest level, there are individuals who appear incidentally in some programme, presumably for once only, fall back into the dark night outside the TV studios, and yet stick for a time in the viewer's memory. One such is the young Oxford Arab, Walid El Khalidi, whom Woodrow Wyatt interviewed in this week's *Panorama*. Another is Professor John Foster, of Glasgow, who rambled on with such delightful enthusiasm in Sunday night's *Epilogue* that his subject—an ancient Christian gravestone lately dug up in China—seemed fascinating even to those not disposed to find it so. It would be a pity, too, if we did not see a lot more of Monica Dickens: she brought a welcome tartness to the *Brains Trust*, and even deliberately refrained twice from speaking, for reasons surely without precedent in such a programme—once because she thought she had already said enough, once because she didn't know enough about the subject.

TOM DRIBERG

Reach for the Deep

NOT for the first time the Curzon Cinema offers a double programme that should not be missed. *World of Silence* is the Cousteau film of underwater adventure which I for one have been looking forward to ever since I read his book. Nineteen years of endeavour, we are told, have gone to its making. The "Calypso" as it is shown to us is equipped with radar, horizontal and vertical, diving doors and an observation chamber under the keel, a pressure "coffin" in which anyone with a touch of the "bends" can be promptly readjusted; the divers are frogmen with their own air supply; they hold on to propeller-driven torpedoes if they wish to travel quickly; arc-lights, plastic-cased cameras complete the equipment. And it's worth it. Not only are Cousteau and his crew of twelve explorers of a new world; they have the skill and sensibility to transmit their vision. *World of Silence* is by far the most genuine and best film of the kind there has been; indeed, so far as I know, there has been only one comparable: the black-and-white *Epaves*, made in the early war years and confined to wrecks in the Mediterranean.

Colours are an essential part of the discovery. Never before lit, they grow intenser as one goes deeper, grottoes of blue and red, green (and poisonous) anemones urging the many-tinted fish into their thousand arms, bronze lobsters quick as giant shrimps. The fish are fed, and become friendly: one large grouper, in fact, becomes embarrassingly dog-like in his attendance. The frogmen explore virgin coral reefs, and reluctantly chip off specimens. They catch lobsters, pulling them by their tentacles out of shelves in the rock. They find an encrusted wreck, film from a lowered cage sharks attacking a dead whale, ride turtles, encounter winding shoals and a more vivid rainbow. It's a world of marvels, of silence: the whale in pain squeaks like a mouse.

By no means all their adventures or all the best sequences are underwater. The revelation of porpoises, first in tens, then in hundreds, is followed by whales and sharks, flying fish, and then a remote island where turtles mate in the bay, and the female comes to lay eggs in the sand. A hole is expertly dug; the eggs are dropped—a long, painful process—lovingly covered over; and away goes the weeping tortoise—she is sad, says the Negro who tells us about her, for she will never see the young tortoises bob up through the sand and scurry like magnetised toys for the nearest water's edge.

The second film, *A Girl in Black*, also begins with a boat, which arrives at one of the Greek islands; two young writers on holiday gaze at the plain, sun-drenched houses, the steep background, the quiet inhabitants, and take rooms in an old house that has known grander days and are attended by a sad-eyed daughter. I wish the film could have been kept on the inquiring holiday level. But from those sad eyes develops family tragedy, persecution, love, jealousy, and a frightful boating accident in which several children are drowned. We see this, then the winding procession on the high skyline, the three little coffins lowered, we hear the lamentations, wish the holiday lover goodbye; but *twice*, he pretends to go but remains. It's too much. All the island tragedy of the thing is too much. And this is a pity because the film, directed by Michael Cacoyannis and photographed by Walter Lassally, has charms that stay with the eye.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Cinderella," at Covent Garden

Prokofiev's score for the ballet *Cinderella* is a dull one. There are good patches, but there is no magic in its atmosphere, and no fully dramatic climaxes, such as make the story itself so satisfying. The result is a continuous flow of action, which never builds up to a triumphant conclusion, and never pauses to gain tension. Frederick Ashton's choreography for the Sadler's Wells company (just returned to the Royal Opera House) is, in rather the same way, without great interest, though for Cinderella and the Ugly Sisters there are ravishing moments. To see Margot Fonteyn as Cinderella and Frederick Ashton as an Ugly Sister is most enjoyable. Fonteyn's acting in the first scene, when she dances with the broom after her step-sisters have left for the ball, is as sad and as beautiful as any fairy tale heroine could wish to be. I see her as the princess with the torn and bleeding hands, weaving nettle cloaks for her twelve enchanted brothers, or as the Goose Girl talking to the grizzly horse's head nailed above the gateway. Ashton and Kenneth Macmillan in the baron's kitchen are as exquisitely unsightly and unseemly as they are in the palace ballroom. Their clowning, combined with peek-a-boo costumes for star elves and a confusion of colour, gives such an illusion of panto, that to find Michael Somes as a straightforward Prince, without high heels or a swaggering soprano voice, is a disappointment.

A. F.

"Otello," at Covent Garden

Covent Garden rises to the special challenge of *Otello*, as it does to *The Ring*, to give a magnificent performance. This is the art-form, opera, on its highest level: it catches up the audience in a profound artistic experience, such as only the lyric stage can afford. Ramon Vinay (Otello), Gré Brouwenstijn (Desdemona) and Otakar Kraus (Iago) become the instruments of Verdi's genius, their smallest gestures and slightest tonal shadings responsive to the tensions of the drama. The repertory has been burdened with eccentric stagings (*e.g. Traviata, Trovatore, Ballo, Aida*); the excellence of this *Otello* derives from a more professional approach—an honest endeavour to realise the composer's intentions without imposing personal gloss. For a similar reason the current *Figaro* is as successful and enjoyable as the quirky *Magic Flute* was a failure.

A. P.

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Correspondence

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR,—The beginning of the revolution was undoubtedly the work of students and workers; they were demonstrating, in the first place, for the democratisation of the regime and for national independence. Gradually, as the days went by, and particularly after the Russian army had left Budapest, other political forces were taking a hand.

There appeared, first of all, the book burners. Book-burning is not usually associated with the political demonstrations of trade unionists and social democrats. Then, perhaps more important, the political demands of the demonstrators indicated, according to Leslie L. Bain in *The Reporter*, a rising tide of extreme nationalism. The demand was put forward, at a huge Budapest demonstration, that no more uranium should be sold to Russia, and that it should be sold for dollars instead. Then, as the people were beginning to rejoice because of the withdrawal of the Russians, the old uniforms of the pre-1945 Horthy army were brought out again, particularly in the provinces, and worn by some of the improvised temporary police forces.

Gradually the authority of the Nagy government was reduced to zero, and, on the day before the Soviet army moved into Budapest again, Nagy himself was virtually a prisoner in the parliament building. He was besieged by a huge crowd who demanded his head. This in spite of the fact that Zoltan Tildy, the leader of the Peasant Party, as well as a number of anti-Communists, had by now joined the Nagy government. At the same time Radio Free Europe actively intervened. It sent a team of broadcasters to Gyor, one of the provincial towns held by the revolutionaries, and issued continuous appeals to fight from its main radio station in Munich. It broadcast, according to reliable German sources, many promises of military help from the West and there is now proceeding an official German investigation of Radio Free Europe's broadcasts.

The leadership of the revolution daily became more fanatically anti-Russian and shifted further to the right. Leaflets printed in Hungarian and in Russian were distributed in western Hungary calling upon the Red Army "to follow Hungary's example and revolt now against Communism in the cause of God and Freedom." The leaflets urged that "Hungary should carry its liberation eastwards to the Russians." As reported in the conservative German paper *Die Welt*, "officers and soldiers of the Hungarian Army distributed leaflets in Budapest demanding the immediate withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact and the transfer of all governmental executive power into the hands of the army." These leaflets were signed by the "defence committee of the provisional Hungarian government," obviously a counter-government against Nagy, then nominally still in power. A crowd under the leadership of extreme nationalists stormed the Foreign Office and ignored the pleas of the Nagy-Tildy government not to go on with the bloodshed.

On Thursday, November 1, at the height of the rebellion, an attempt was made by Zoltan Tildy, himself a Christian and a moderate, to enlist the help of Cardinal Mindszenty in stabilising the situation in the hope of keeping the Russians out of Budapest. According to reports in the *New York Herald Tribune* and in the well-informed German news magazine *Der Spiegel*, a delegation of four members of the government, led by Tildy, called upon Mindszenty and asked for his help in establishing a transitional regime. The Cardinal turned them down and thereby encouraged, according to *Der Spiegel*, those who wished to go on with the formation of the "Cardinal's Party." According to the same source, this decision by Cardinal Mindszenty completed the isolation of the Nagy-Tildy government and made its fall quite certain.

All these facts, I insist, did not justify the brutal armed intervention of the Soviet Union; but they point to certain conclusions about future policy on the part of the western powers. Quite clearly, if we are to help in the liberalisation of the satellite countries, then we must have a policy that offers a solution to the European security problem. We ought to make an offer to the Russians to open negotiations on a European Security Pact which would allow for the gradual withdrawal of Nato and Soviet forces east and west of the river Elbe. Secondly, Britain and America ought to assure the Soviet Union that they have no intention of making use of the liberalisation trend to strengthen their own military position by snatching Hungary or any other satellite into the Nato camp. Thirdly, we ought to suggest a neutrality-circle in the heart of Europe which could include Austria and Yugoslavia to start with, and which might gradually include other countries as the feeling of security developed. In this way a sane agreement with the Soviet government might perhaps still be reached before it is too late, and before the next catastrophe leads us all into the third world war. Such an attempt to find a new starting point would be in complete agreement with the policy on European security adopted by the Labour Party at the Blackpool Conference. It is a policy that could have some influence on the struggle going on in the Kremlin between the anti-Stalinists and their reactionary and dangerous opponents.

Sheffield. J. MENDELSON

SIR,—In view of the recent letter by Peter Fryer in your correspondence columns and the interest shown with regard to the crisis in the world Communist movement, I am sure your readers would be interested in the views of André Marty on Poland and Hungary. Marty, ex-Secretary of the French Communist Party and onetime E.C. member of the Communist International recently died at the age of 70 at Toulouse. He wrote his last letter to me on November 8. In it he gave briefly his views on Hungary and included a copy of a letter he sent to Gomulka on October 31.

In relation to Hungary, he opposed Soviet intervention, and did not accept the view that the revolt was counter-revolutionary. He roundly condemned the attitude of the leadership of the French C.P., stating that a serious crisis exists in the ranks of the French Communist Party, especially amongst the rank-and-file who are not paid officials. He says they have a miserable task, trying to give a reason why after twelve years of Communist Party rule, the workers revolt. In his letter to Gomulka he congratulates him, the Central Committee and the Polish people for the bold decisions of October 20 and 21. He draws attention to the line of *L'Humanité*, which retains a stern Stalinist position. Marty is convinced that this is not the view of the French workers, who sympathise with the Polish and Hungarian revolts. He ended his letter with these words: "I am sure that the example and courage of the Polish workers . . . will be a powerful stimulant to Communists and all French workers to act in order to rebuild a true workers' revolutionary party as was the Communist Party thirty years ago."

54 Avondale Road, Liverpool, 15. ERIC S. HEFFER

SIR,—In your last week's issue you published a letter from Peter Fryer dealing with Hungary and the *Daily Worker*. I do not wish to comment upon the views expressed by him except to say that he does not know my own views on Hungary and is, therefore, not competent to comment upon them. However, I am concerned with a serious libel on me in his letter, contained in the phrase: "Mick Bennett, the assistant editor and a former personal friend of Farkas. . . ."

Farkas, as is now fairly widely known, is under arrest and is, I believe, to be charged with the most serious, inhuman, anti-social crimes, including murder on a scale surpassed only by the late unlamented Beria. This description of me—as a former personal friend of such a man—is not simply an irresponsible smear; it could cause the utmost damage to my reputation.

I may add that I have never been a personal friend of Farkas. I once told Fryer that, when I was active in the Young Communist International in 1934-5, I knew Farkas as Michel Wolf. In 1935, at the Sixth and last congress of that organisation, three main reports were made. One by Raymond Guyot, one by Michel Wolf, and one by Georgi Dimitrov.

I knew all three, among many others, as one does when engaged in political activity. I never even saw Wolf (Farkas) again after 1935, except for a glimpse from a great distance in Budapest in 1950. It was the vaguely familiar look of the man and the fact that Farkas is the Magyar word for Wolf, that led me to realise that he was the same person.

I have never seen him since, and have no wish to.

Daily Worker. MICK BENNETT

[We accept Mr. Bennett's statement.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—The following letter was sent to the *Daily Worker* on November 18. As it appears that it will not be published there, the signatories would be grateful if you could find space for it.

"All of us have for many years advocated Marxist ideas both in our own special fields and in political discussion in the Labour movement. We feel therefore that we have a responsibility to express our views as Marxists in the present crisis of international Socialism.

"We feel that the uncritical support given by the Executive Committee of the Communist Party to Soviet action in Hungary is the undesirable culmination of years of distortion of fact, and failure by British Communists to think out political problems for themselves. We had hoped that the revelations made at the 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union would have made our leadership and press realise that Marxist ideas will only be acceptable in the British Labour movement if they arise from the truth about the world we live in.

"The exposure of grave crimes and abuses in the U.S.S.R., and the recent revolt of workers and intellectuals against the pseudo-Communist bureaucracies and police systems of Poland and Hungary, have shown that for the past twelve years we have based our political analyses on a false presentation of the facts—not on an out-of-date theory, for we still consider the Marxist method to be correct.

"If the left-wing and Marxist trend in our Labour movement is to win support, as it must for the achievement of Socialism, this past must be utterly repudiated. This includes the repudiation of the latest outcome of this evil past, the Executive Committee's underwriting of the current errors of Soviet policy."

Not all the signatories agree with everything in this letter, but all are in sufficient sympathy with its general intention to sign with this reservation.

CHIMEN ABRAMSKY, E. J. HOBSBAWM, HYMAN LEVY, ROBERT BROWNING, PAUL HOGARTH, JACK LINDSAY, HENRY COLLINS, GEORGE HOUSTON, HUGH MACDIARMID, CHRISTOPHER HILL, V. G. KIERNAN, RONALD L. MEEK, R. H. HILTON, DORIS LESSING, E. A. THOMPSON.

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THE SUEZ WAR

SIR,—Events in Hungary and the Middle East during the past few weeks brought painful revelations to the people of Asia.

Those, including myself, who in the past sincerely believed that the Soviet Union was a champion of oppressed colonial people, who consistently defended their excesses during the revolutionary process as historical necessity, were horrified by their behaviour in Hungary, and simply could not find for it any justification at all, political or moral. It is inconceivable that the U.S.S.R., herself a child of revolution, should now become an executioner of revolution. Yet no amount of casuistry can hide the fact that Soviet tanks mowed down thousands of Hungarians, and no amount of denunciation can hide the fact that the rebellion was a genuine movement for freedom and independence actively supported by overwhelming majority of the population. The official Soviet explanation that these people were merely "fascists" or "imperialist agents" is an alarming example of imperviousness to world conscience and opinion. For those of us who are still prepared to admire and accept Soviet achievements the blunt truth must be faced: that the present Soviet rulers are continuing Stalin's policy of betraying the Russian Revolution, and that they, like any other chauvinists and imperialists, are capable of resorting to the foulest means and the vilest treachery whenever their vested interests are at stake.

Then Britain's assault on Egypt came as a further shock. Many people here believe that there was close co-ordination, if not actual collusion, between Britain, France and Israel, and that Britain's prime objective was not to separate the belligerents, but to reoccupy the Canal. After World War II Britain was able to enjoy considerable goodwill in Asia by giving independence to India, Burma and Ceylon, and by adopting a sober and realistic policy towards the new China. Now it seems that Sir Anthony Eden has succeeded in not only forfeiting this goodwill, but reviving bitter memories of British imperialism.

Hong Kong. RAO PAI-WEN

The Soviet Economy

A DISCUSSION

In September 1955 the Congress for Cultural Freedom convened a meeting in Milan, the theme of which was:

"The Future of Freedom."

This meeting was attended by more than 150 men and women, from all parts of the world, and representing all schools of thought in the field of economics, history, sociology and philosophy.

The Soviet Economy contains a selection from the papers and discussion that concerned themselves with the theme of the Soviet Economic system.

The contributors are:

Raymond Aron	*Colin Clark*
C. A. R. Crosland	*Sidney Hook*
Bertrand de Jouvenel	*George Kennan*
Richard Lowenthal	*Michael Polanyi*
Edward Shils	*Peter Wiles*
Bertram D. Wolfe	*W. S. Woytinsky*

Stiff paper cover. 5s.

SECKER & WARBURG

SIR,—From the beginning of the Suez crisis your comments have been clear, forceful, reasoned, humane, and, above all, in tune with modern political realities.

You have written that those who wish to restore Britain's repute in the world must insist on the withdrawal of the invading troops, and the resignation of the Prime Minister. I respectfully argue that this is not enough. Nothing short of electoral defeat for the sheeplike mass of Conservative M.P.s, a dramatic change of government, a thorough repudiation of policy, will serve to save what can be saved of our prestige. The government must go: and quickly.

It is not only a matter of prestige or morality in the abstract. The British invasion of Egypt has seriously embarrassed the economic activities of twenty foreign countries. Unless the British electorate emphatically disowns its government's actions those foreign countries will be in a position and a humour to embark on a thousand and one official and private reprisals.

N. M. THOMSON

Via Milano, 13,
Trieste, Italy.

SIR,—Critic's comment upon the excellent letter of Sadie Morris, who advanced a series of convincing reasons for Israel's action against Egypt, was, to say the least, disappointing. He states that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION "has on many occasions emphasised Israel's grievance about the Canal, the injustice of starving Israel of equipment, and the grave danger of an Arab attack if no constructive political and economic policy were adopted in the Middle East." Unfortunately your views are totally disregarded by Dictator Nasser and the rulers of the other Arab states, and have also been ignored by the British government. The Israelis know full well that "their future depends on persuading the Arab world to recognise her existence." They have tried to persuade the Arabs of this for the last eight years, but they have met not only with united rebuffs but with ceasless murderous attacks. What else, therefore, was left to the Israelis but to hit out in their determination to ensure their future and be left in peace?

ISRAEL COHEN

Child's Hill, N.W.2.

PROVINCIAL JOURNALISM

SIR,—Mr. Francis Williams, in writing about the death of two respected provincial morning papers, the *Birmingham Gazette* and the *Yorkshire Observer,* has called attention to a serious aspect of what some of our Scottish friends call Londonisation.

During my journalistic life I have seen the number of morning papers in Yorkshire dwindle from eight to two. This has been partly but not entirely due to London competition, or, to be more specific, London competition by means of editions printed at Manchester, within a dozen miles of the county border. The popular London press has the liveliest skill in exciting interest all over the country in what are called talking points. One woman will say to another, "Did you read that awful row between the Duchess of So-and-So and that TV star at the charity ball? Oh, you must have seen it, you must. It was in *all* the papers!" Many a reader who has not seen in the local morning paper this spicy piece of gossip will feel that somehow he or she is missing something good and ought to be kept better informed in order to keep up with the Joneses. So papers that might be creating effective public opinion on important local issues have to make way for papers exploiting the duchess and the TV star and the charity ball row.

But this Londonisation—a bad thing for Londoners as well as for provincials—is not the only or the sternest enemy to good provincial journalism. The steep rise in costs has reduced also the number of evening papers in Yorkshire, though these do not suffer from any London competition at all. I have seen evening papers die, or be merged with others, in Sheffield, Bradford, Hull, Scarborough and Halifax, and I do not remember that any new paper has been started during that time except at Sheffield, and there on two occasions without success.

I should say, in reply to Mr. Williams, that the powerful and spirited provincial morning papers which survive today—they have to be powerful and spirited to survive—are much less inclined than the many feeble papers we had 50 years ago to refrain from making disclosures that ought to be made and to gloss over issues that ought to be reported. Honest controversy is the very breath of life to the best local papers as it is to the great London papers. A mere one-sided propaganda sheet would not long survive. Nor would one that did not give indispensable service to local industries and the public-spirited men and women in local government.

Two minor points made by Mr. Williams deserve a comment. He need not fear that the most valuable training ground for newspaper men is disappearing. The small provincial offices are still producing excellent journalists with the help of the national training scheme. Competition, now keener than ever, should have the effect of making editors train their men and women better.

Mr. Williams speaks of provincial journalists who do their good work outside the scurry—and sometimes the hysteria—of Fleet Street. If he means that provincial journalism is a quiet resting place after Fleet Street he is mistaken. I speak with knowledge of both.

Yorkshire Post LINTON ANDREWS
Leeds. *Editor*

PRIESTLEY AND LEAVIS

SIR,—Let us give Dr. Priestley his due: he wrote an amusing article. Even a witty one. But it wasn't about Dr. Leavis, although he might have thought it was. It was about the sort of person usually called a "Leavisite." For instance, it is true that many young people are inclined to "intolerance," or "knock-you-down judgments," or both. And many of them are attracted, and comforted, by dogmatic statements. (As Dr. Priestley himself seems to be: to drag in irrelevant phrases about beer-swilling students, even though it may be true, is simply to make emotive noises.) But the limitations of an audience should not be confused with the limitations of the performance.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that many young people do look upon Dr. Leavis as a sort of oracle, and will cherish his most casual remarks or asides, as if they were carefully substantiated judgments. They forget that any casual remark, though remaining essentially the same, will often appear quite different when it has been excogitated and substantiated by references. A hard-won reputation may have been discarded just the same; but it will also have been made clear that the reputation was worth demolishing. Nonetheless, later on, at some meeting or other, this gentle aside dropped from the lips of their oracle, will emerge inflated into some monster of principle or condemnation. This is how much of the misrepresentation comes about. One sympathises. Marx said: "God save me from the Marxists."

Dr. Leavis's biggest fault is to credit his audience, in such cases, with more intelligence than they actually possess. The sort of attitude that Dr. Priestley deplores is certainly deplorable. But the real cure is for them to *read* what Dr. Leavis actually writes; instead of publishing what they *think* he means when he is chatting "off the record." But it should not be forgotten that behind even the casual remark there is intense effort and honest thought. It is a different matter for a Leavis to bring a critical discipline and apparatus to bear in support of a remark, than it is for some gauche young man (or woman) to attempt to back it up with immense confidence and very little knowledge. For them it will always remain a chimera; which they pursue by running away from it.

But I would very much like to know if the Priestley pursuit of the chimera is congenital; or wilful.

Pembroke College, R. W. H. HOLLAND
Cambridge.

SIR,—An important point made by Mr. J. B. Priestley has been overlooked by his critics. It was in effect a warning against the harmful results of dogmatic exclusiveness in literary evaluation in a world where reading is not compulsory, and where books of any kind are subject to increasing competition from mass entertainment. I have had contact

for some years with aspirants to the teaching profession—those who will occupy key posts in the future cultural life of the nation. What appals me is the poverty of their literary background, using the word "literary" in its most inclusive sense. It is quite common to find a young man or woman entering a training college who cannot claim to have read a single "classic" English novel unless it has been recently filmed or broadcast, or unless it has been "set" in a public examination. There are many who have read nothing by any living writer as good as—yes, even Mr. Priestley. I am not defending the third-rate in literature, but there are signs that some critics are more concerned for their professional standards than for the literature they profess to serve.

Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks. JAMES REEVES

STATESMANLIKE?

SIR,—Your revolting paper, the friend of every country but its own, has never been more revolting than in the article, "Americans, Asians and Arabs." The word "Hungary" is not even mentioned in it. No doubt you agree with Mr. Nehru that that does not matter. In your complete idiocy you do not seem to realize that not only have the Americans let us down in every way but there is such a depth of resentment against them in England that the alliance with them is in great peril. Perhaps you think it would be a good thing to end that. If Communist Russia were to conquer England my only comfort would be that you would be one of the first to be liquidated.

Why are you on the side of the American oil tycoons? Do they make it worth your while?

Broad Chalke, Salisbury. A. B. DALE

SIR,—It is becoming so usual for readers to inform editors that they have forbidden their paper the house, that it is perhaps worth telling you that I have ordered the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on the strength of your very statesmanlike attitude to the lamentable happenings in Suez and in Hungary.

I used to buy the paper regularly before the war, but afterwards felt that your attitudes were too much like Groucho Marx's for my middle-of-the-road taste. You may remember his song: "Whatever it is, I'm against it!" However, now you seem to speak with authority and without rancour.

50 Middleway, London, N.W.11. J. M. COHEN

CHATAWAY'S PULSE

SIR,—A stupid, but common, error spoils your excellent article on Chataway. It is now firmly established that a low pulse rate is not an athletic advantage like long legs, but the consequence of training, particularly running. Yet you let loose a howler —"apart from the accident of a low pulse rate." Your correspondent would be well advised to read the article on "Physiology and Athletics" in the first number of the *New Scientist*, where the facts are clearly explained.

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN

Exeter College, Oxford.

MIDDLE-EAST RELIEF

SIR,—I am very grateful for the reference in the London Diary to the fund I have started to help the unfortunate people who have been rendered homeless and hungry by recent armed action in the Middle East, for there must be many who feel that something must be done to help.

The Director of the Inter-Church Aid and Refugee Service of 10, Eaton Gate, S.W.1, has the organisational facilities and is able to send money through Geneva to help refugees in both Egypt and the Gaza strip. As the Inter-Church Aid and Refugee Service is at present overwhelmed with donations for Hungarian Relief I am willing to receive and acknowledge money sent to me at the House of Commons.

GEORGE WIGG

House of Commons, S.W.1.

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Christmas Books Supplement—1

Lucky Jim Andreyvitch

TOM DRIBERG was probably better equipped than anyone to write a book about Guy Burgess*. He grew up in Burgess's world. He knows all about the public schools and the undergraduate politics of the Thirties, and he himself has taken part in the intellectuals' hunger-march that led on from the depression through Munich and Yalta to the present mess. He has his astringent style, his cold clear reporter's eye, and he is entirely familiar with the clubhouse of Whitehall, Fleet Street and the BBC. Finally, he had the enterprise to go off to Russia and nobble Burgess in his lair.

Mr. Driberg had three things to do: he had to tell the story of how Burgess's temperament, his training and his environment made him what he was; of how, as a result, he made his bolt to Russia with Maclean (the thing we were all agog to know about); and he had to make it clear that there was a sensible untreasonable point in their behaviour—the point being that unless Russia and the rest of the world can get on together there is not much hope for any of us any more.

All this was a perfectly valid blueprint for a book; but it was not a book that could be written in a couple of months and compressed into 120 pages. Nor was it a book that could have much meaning if it neglected Donald Maclean—and Maclean and his wife hardly come into these pages at all. Schizophrenia there may have been inside both Maclean and Burgess's minds, but in this adventure at least they were together; and so one reads on with the feeling that half the truth is missing, and the more important half at that.

Yet when all this is said Mr. Driberg has performed one good service. For the first time the whole frantic subject (at any rate as far as Burgess is concerned) is taken out of the jungle of speculative gossip and anchored to a few facts; and it is a credible picture of Burgess he draws, even though it leaves us in the end with a sense of the futility and the littleness of this wasted life.

There is an illuminating photograph here which shows the boy as he was in 1930 when he was a member of the Eton soccer eleven. No need to point out that Guy Burgess is in the second row on the extreme left: this face stands out from all the others. It is an interesting face, dark, pointed, intelligent and feminine. It is the face of the successful Eton boy as projected in Cyril Connolly's *Enemies of Promise*. There is no strained and masterful folding of his bare arms. He is a trifle nervous but he sits very easily with his hands on his knees and his shirt-sleeves falling negligently round his wrists, and quite clearly he is enjoying the best of this best of all possible worlds. He has his colours, he is in the sixth form, and never again is life going to be quite so good.

* *Guy Burgess. A Portrait with Background.* By TOM DRIBERG. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

However, for the moment young Burgess is in the thick of the old-boy network, and it carries him on to Cambridge in a glow of friends and scholarships and good living. He must have been a generous and charming companion, and it was nothing very extraordinary that a young man so sensitive and intelligent should have joined the Communist Party; these were the days of unemployment, of Mosley and the Fascists and of the Spanish Civil War. The extraordinary thing was that, having abandoned himself so whole-heartedly to his enthusiasms, he never could continue with them to the conventional end. He hesitates, he gets distracted, he changes tactics, and he never quite deserts his loyalty to the Eton background and the outward show of things. He joins the Party only to leave it on the grounds that he can work more effectively for the socialist cause in one of the government departments.

He underlines his socialist principles by going off on a visit to Russia, but that does not prevent him from becoming at a salary of £100 a month Mrs. Victor Rothschild's adviser in her dealings on the Stock Exchange. Indeed, at the prospect of war he urges her to hang on to her armament shares but transfer the rest of her capital to America (a thing which, incidentally, Mrs. Rothschild refused to do). His friends go off to fight in the International Brigade in Spain but, says Mr. Driberg,

> Guy resisted the emotional urge to follow the example of these heroic friends. The task he had given himself in the international class struggle was more complex: for the moment it took the humdrum form of working on at the BBC. He felt guilty and restless, none the less. . . .

The outbreak of war found Burgess "buzzing about doing a lot of things." He had his job on the BBC, he was embroiled in a confused series of dealings with back-room politicians in Paris, and he had already got his foot inside the secret service. Here finally, in the outward rooms of M.I.5, he sniffed a delicious breeze. He was close to great events, he knew something of what was happening in the half-world of political espionage, and he could talk to influential people. (A reference to a meeting with Churchill is rather dragged in at this point, and is more revealing of Churchill than of Burgess.) There followed then his job with the news department of the Foreign Office, his secretaryship with Hector McNeil and his tour with the British Embassy in Washington. But now inevitably, as with all his jobs, he became disaffected and frustrated: he wanted to get out of the Foreign Service and take up political journalism in London, and incidentally it was to be journalism with a right-wing and not a socialist newspaper.

Up to this point nothing really has gone right with Burgess's life since he left school. He protests and protests but never with effect, and the strain is becoming apparent: he has difficulty in sleeping, he smokes incessantly, he drinks too much, and his reckless car-driving is getting him into trouble with the Americans. He was suffering, Mr. Driberg tells us, "from the effects of a severe concussion when a Foreign Office colleague knocked him head-first down a stone staircase at a west-end club, after an argument about Spain."

In fourteen brisk pages of dialogue between himself and Burgess, Mr. Driberg disposes of the crisis—the escape to Moscow. Burgess and Maclean had known one another slightly through the years since their communist days together at Cambridge, and now in the spring of 1951 they met in London. Both were fed up. They saw the ruin of the world in General MacArthur's aggressive policy in Korea and their own private lives were out of joint. Burgess was on the point of being sacked from the Foreign Office, and Maclean, the head of the American Department, was, in his own lucid phrase "being followed by the dicks."

Now up to this point Mr. Driberg has established a good case for Burgess. Despite all the hectic bother of his life he has not been, one feels, a traitor. There is something guileless in the obvious guile of Burgess's comings and goings; he is a minor intriguer but not a spy. But now we have this matter of Maclean being followed by the dicks. Why?

Donald, says Burgess, "said he thought it was because he'd been making indiscreet remarks around the office—saying that Soviet policy was correct and that Western policy was leading to war."

> *Tom Driberg:* Do you think that was the only reason they were shadowing him? You've seen all this stuff about secrets and so on. There was no question of his having passed on any information that was technically secret?
>
> *Guy Burgess:* Donald has convinced me that that is so. I know no more about it than you do. I simply felt sure that his general attitude was the same as mine, and for the same reasons—and I knew what my own motives were.

The ordinary reader will perhaps want a little more reassurance than this—especially as Maclean, like a prisoner who does not choose to go into the box, does not come forward to give his own evidence in this book. One wonders in fact whether the Foreign Office would have put on detectives to follow Maclean if he had been doing no more than talk sedition round the town; surely the normal procedure would have been for Maclean's chief to have questioned him and warned him.

The actual getaway of the two men—the boat to St. Malo, train to Paris and Berne, plane to Prague and Moscow—was splendidly simple, and Mr. Driberg's account of it is enlivened by the news that Burgess never really intended to go at all. Generously and impetuously, Burgess was perfectly willing to help his friend get out of the country, but right up to the eleventh hour the old misgivings were working. If Donald

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COLLINS

wanted to go through with his project then well and good, he would see him on his way, at any rate as far as Prague. After that, Burgess decided, it would be rather nice if they parted company and he himself went off to spend a holiday on Ischia with Wystan Auden. And so they set off. But at Prague "we learned that thousands of police were looking for us. This was really what finally decided me to go to Moscow with Donald at once." Yes, one believes it. It fits in with everything we know of Burgess.

The story of their reception in Moscow also has the authentic ring. According to Burgess, they were met with a stolid Muscovite indifference, and were banished to a grisly six months in a dreary provincial town. Finally they were assigned to very ordinary jobs in the state publishing business in Moscow; and there they are today. At the end of the long five years Guy Burgess once again finds himself buzzing about doing a lot of things. He is "an expert Englishman." In a casual way Russian officials ring him up to ask his advice on Anglo-Soviet relations. He had a hand, he says, in getting the Bolshoi Ballet over here; he helped to mollify the Russians over Nina and the hats. For the rest, his life goes by in a state of continuous anti-climax. He commutes between his flat in Moscow and his *dacha* in the country, and since he has a good deal of time on his hands he reads through the collected works of Jane Austen once again and the volumes of the Everyman Library. He still smokes and he still has his Eton tie. He does not see much of Maclean these days, but he has made other acquaintances, to whom he is known, apparently, under the name of Jim Andreyvitch.

And does he like it there? Yes, on the whole he does: "You know, Tom, living in a socialist country *does* have a therapeutic effect on one . . . I'd like to have a good gossip with some old friends. But here I am lonely for the unimportant things. In London I was lonely for the important things—I was lonely for Socialism."

It's hard to say why all this should have such a depressing effect. One looks back through these brief pages thinking that somewhere something must have been left out. After all, Burgess was an interesting man, and one feels that he can scarcely have been as trivial as all this. And yet there it is: it hardly seems to matter now whether he went on to Moscow or stayed behind on holiday in Ischia, whether he returns here in search of unimportant loyalties or continues where he is in his lonely *dacha*.

Mr. Driberg has written an entertaining book, but he was ill-advised, one feels, to make Burgess the peg on which to hang a plea for better Anglo-Soviet relations. The game has become much too serious for that.

ALAN MOOREHEAD

Wyndham Lewis's *Childermass*, which first came out in 1928, now appears, with illustrations by Michael Ayrton as Book I of *The Human Age* (Methuen, 25*s*.): *Monstre Gai* and *Malign Fiesta* make Book II. *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* has been reissued by Cape, with illustrations by Robin Jacques, together with Joyce's original draft for the work, *Stephen Hero* (15*s*. each). The latter includes a further fragment of the original manuscript (thrown into the fire by Joyce and rescued by his wife) which has turned up since the first publication in 1944.

Old Leviathan

A History of the English-Speaking Peoples, Vol. II: The New World. By SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL. *Cassell.* 30*s*.

Two groups of readers will be disappointed by this volume—the panegyrists of Sir Winston and his detractors. The first will look in vain for sonorous magniloquence, for colourful pages reeking of tragedy and splendour, for the pageant of our glorious past spread before us by a master-hand. Sir Winston in his life may be a romantic; as a historian he is Augustan. The flourishes in his writing only emphasise its basic discipline and balance. His compassion is balanced by irony, his insight by an almost Gibbonian wit. Occasionally, it must be admitted, a touch of purple creeps in—few royal ladies meet their deaths at the hands of the headsman without a sympathetic and detailed description of the event—but for the rest he is judicious, orderly and restrained, to an extent which some of our contemporary romantic historians who admire him so extravagantly would do well to copy. Sir Winston in fact—we must recognise it with admiration and regret—is the last great Man of Letters: a gentleman of eighteenth-century mould, urbane and widely read, working in his own library with all references ready to hand and his mind sharpened by the experts whose brains, in the course of a hospitable evening, he has rapidly and accurately picked.

The patronising critics who privately consider him a woozy old fuddy-duddy likely to conceal under a glutinous coating of resonant phrases a complete ignorance of recent historical writing and research will also be balked of their prey. Professional historians who have spent their lives in selfless and dedicated research are as naturally reluctant to admit that an amateur can succeed in their field as were the professional soldiers whose solid orthodoxy Sir Winston so often overruled in the course of two world wars. But if there is one thing which he has learned in the course of his life it is to make use of experts without being dominated by them, and in the shadows behind the library table there lurk the grave figures of Mr. Hurstfield and Doctors Pennington, Feiling and Rowse. The result is a work which, apart from all its other qualities, is thoroughly workmanlike and reliable, a narrative history of a type all too rare, and which professional historians nowadays find it extraordinarily difficult to write. *Competent* indeed, outrageous as it may seem, is the word which first comes to the appreciative mind.

The specialists will, of course, find holes to pick. Sir Winston's sentences are not contrived, as are those of, for example, Professor Feiling's superb and underrated *History of England*, to reflect every nuance of the most recondite scholarship. Sir John Neale's work on Elizabethan Parliaments receives little attention. Professor Nef's discoveries about the Tudor industrial revolution are passed over in silence. The views of the McIlwaine school on the Constitution are ignored. Sir Winston has probably not read Mrs. Thirsk's vital articles on land sales, and he does not tell us (thank Heavens) whether the gentry were rising or declining or what. There are other omissions: we are told nothing, for example, about the activities of the Committees for Trade and Plantations under Charles II, which in the light of the title of the work is odd.

One can in fact have endless fun trying to harpoon the old Leviathan with such paper darts, in the sure knowledge that they will not do him the slightest harm. The vital thing is that Sir Winston shows himself to be well aware of the main problems of the age about which he writes, and he pronounces on them the sound if rapid judgments of a Cabinet Minister deciding complex departmental issues. How far did the Tudors innovate in their system of government? What was the nature of the sixteenth-century economic revolution? What were the real constitutional issues at stake between the early Stuarts and their Parliaments? On all such matters Sir Winston makes up his mind with a shrewdness which

may well make the learned and sophisticated despair. And he does so without interrupting the course of a narrative which never falters in its compelling stride. To see it at its best one should perhaps read the chapters on Cromwell, that "giant laggard from the Elizabethan age," and his "all-mastering and furious army which stalked the land in rags, almost barefoot, but with bright armour, sharp swords, and sublime conviction of its wrong-headed mission"; the army whose victory was "the triumph of some 20,000 resolute, ruthless, disciplined military fanatics over all that England has ever willed or ever wished." But wherever he looks in this volume the anthologist will reap a rich harvest.

Sir Winston's fame and his writing alone are sufficient guarantee that this work will be, for generations of common readers, *the* history of England. From it millions throughout the world may learn the only history they will ever know. That it should also be balanced, accurate and reliable is thus a matter of the profoundest importance; it is by no means the least of the debts which the world owes to this amazing man.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Rich and Sad

Brazilian Interior. By KENNETH MATTHEWS. *Peter Davies.* 15*s.*

Tupari. By FRANZ CASPAR. *Bell.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

Beyond the High Savannahs. By JAMES WICKENDEN. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

Affable Savages. By FRANCIS HUXLEY. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

In the three Americas, north, central and south, Mexico and Brazil are supreme in their interest for the traveller. They alone seem likely to produce a deeply rooted indigenous culture which can resist the Big Brotherly materialism of the north; indeed, in Mexico it exists. In Brazil the spirit is passively forming in that primeval womb. It is a country that devours people. The Brazilian achievements turn out, so often, to be the work of first- or second-generation immigrants who arrive with all the brains and vitality of Europe; by the third generation the genius is exhausted and falls into the general human compost. That is now rich. If we overlook the subtle distinctions which are made by Brazilians—themselves the world's masters of differences—there is a successful mixture of the Portuguese, Dutch, German, Negro and Indian races. It is a mixture that grows "whiter" as it proceeds, and has been made possible by the sympathetic and practical genius of the Portuguese inheritance, with its bent towards the ingenious, the fine, the stoical and the gentle. Count Keyserling, a muzzy philosopher but a sharp psychologist, called the quality "*frondosidad*"—leafiness, umbrageousness.

We can begin on the ground floor in Rio with Mr. Kenneth Matthews, a light feature journalist, an apt broadcaster, busily getting to know people, having a good time and picking up facts from conversation. He catches that mixture of paradise and exasperation with which the most delightful city on the continent astounds the visitor. Where Brazil is modern, it is modern overnight. Many people think Copacabana vulgar and ridiculous; but it has an irresistible flash. The situation of Rio impels the fantastic. The traffic appals; the rush hour is mass strangulation; the hope of housing the millions is an angry losing battle, the water dubious, the electricity erratic. Presently Mr. Matthews was put into a plane for Cuyaba in the cattle region of the Matto Grosso, to consider the savage Indians who are now being protected by the government. No one knows how many Stone Age tribes move about the huge, scarcely explored forests of Brazil. They are murderous. They are suborned, indentured or murdered when caught. They die off quickly of the common cold or measles after contact with civilisation. The government is attempting to segregate them in national parks.

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To discover and live among these Indian races has been the ambition of a long line of anthropologists and explorers. It is rumous to the health. White vitality seeps away in the tropics. But the rewards for the anthropologist are great. Mr. Franz Caspar, a dogged Swiss ethnologist working on the high tableland in Bolivia which is savage enough, could not resist the dangerous journey down into the jungle, into the lawless frontier villages. He found, at last, an untouched tribe. They did not kill him at sight. He settled down with them and found them amiable. Patiently he observed their habits and rites and their wonderful skill in hunting. This is a dignified book, but one cannot but note a good deal of stolid Swiss comedy in his situation: he was a Puritan in a Puritan tribe, but his determination not to be seduced by the women was only equalled by the attempts of the women to seduce him. He was severely watched by the males, yet was constantly having to jump out of his hammock and run. He was in terror of his life. He lived out the chicha feasts. As the narrative of a curious and bothered man, this is grave and interesting reading. He went away, astonished by the friendships he had made, and with tears in his eyes. He discovered both sensibility and subtlety in these people.

There was sadness, too, when the "pork-knocker" (diamond prospector) of Mr. Wickenden's book parted from his savages in the country against the frontier of Brazil and Guiana; and for Mr. Francis Huxley, an anthropologist, when he left his tribe two hundred miles south-east of Belem. Mr. Wickenden's book is not about himself but about an anonymous South American prospector. The narrative moves along admirably. His subject is no Swiss Puritan, but he has a sharp eye for the ambiguity of Indian morals. He knew he could get diamonds only by patiently making friends. He learned to hunt, the dangerous art of navigating the rivers, and to dive for diamonds. He was sensitive to the moods of the tribe, changing as the season changed; he was deeply curious about the modes of thought and feeling. There is no slangy, hearty, over-dramatised expeditionary English in this book, which really does convey the experience of a thoughtful active man who responds to his surroundings and to people. He left his savage friends without condescension in regret, but rather with that sense of equality which arouses, in the civilised, the sudden dread that he has been put under a too delightful and deleterious spell.

He had not, as Mr. Huxley has, the training of the anthropologist. Mr. Huxley went to live for two long periods among the Urubu tribe at the south-east limit of the Amazon basin. He spent his time listening to their interminable talk which was a great deal about sex and he builds up from their words, images, tales and scandals an elaborate picture of their minds and beliefs. Twenty-five years before they had been murderous. There had been tales of cannibalism. Mr. Huxley lets the people speak for themselves and is brilliant at capturing the doubts and worries and comic turns of natural conversation. It is often lewd—Mr. Huxley apologises for the squalor and horror of some of the talk; but, he shows, they were affable people, brave, honest and hospitable. After a few pages one sees that he combines scientific acuteness with uncommon literary gifts and an engaging mind. We are reading an exhaustive study of the Indian without being exhausted, and are led on from surprise to surprise. He is a writer of great curiosity and boundless tolerance and, in the end, after we have read of the virtues that are attributed to tapioca and the agonies of girls at puberty who are bound by cloths containing biting ants, of the ferocious headache cures, the rituals of punishment, the vomiting of the moon, and the strange legend of the Vulture that steals the fire from heaven, like another Prometheus, we find we are really reading about ourselves. Or rather, about a buried part of our own imagination. The Urubu were, in many ways, ignoble, but their strange beliefs were often a reasonable attempt to reconcile themselves with necessity and to ensure their spiritual protection as a society. This is a commonplace of anthropology but Mr. Huxley has made his subject out of living and oddly memorable men and women. They are a remnant proud of their "hardness," the quality that enables them to resist the spirit of panic in the jungle. They talk rather much about "hardness" Mr. Huxley thought:

> Presumably this is because they not only fear being *membek* or soft, but in a way really are soft. . . . To be soft means to be irresponsible, shiftless, to have no purpose in life; and on these terms all Indians are indeed soft for a great part of their lives. They will moon about the village for days if they feel like it, sitting in each other's hammocks and idling away the time with stale gossip.

Their wives shame them into hunting and then suddenly the debauch of laziness ends. It is necessary to be alert in the jungle. Their life is a curious mixture of principle and licence. Their lot is to clear the trees, sow their crops, exhaust the soil and then move on. Their tragedy: that when pacified they lose faith in themselves and die out. Brazil is a consumer of human beings, immensely fecund but self-devouring. It is simply, in the Amazon region, rich and sad and blind and gross like some creature of the mud, the sun and darkness.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Dogs of War

Gallant Gentlemen: A Portrait of the British Officer, 1600-1956. By E. S. TURNER. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

"Why do you want to become an officer?" The stock question at Army selection boards, barked out by sand-coloured Colonels, sprung like an innocent trap by smiling psychiatrists, has almost everyone foxed. The set jaw, the eyes bleak with Integrity, the Ivan Samson voice—none of these will really help you face-to-face with so fundamental an issue. Here, uneasily, we sense the paradox of the profession, the paradox, indeed, of any civilised society whose last line of defence is war. What is one to think of professional soldiers, licensed and paid to commit what would be crime in peacetime or at home? In the simple, terrifying days when fighting was honourable, officer and gentleman were interchangeable. Even mercenaries, later, retained elements of a *samurai* ethos. More commercial societies, less obsessed by "honour," rewarded their armies and their officers only by neglect between the wars. Today, our citizen armies lack the robust naivety of redcoats, but are stirred by deeper political anger, and fight for the most part only in wars they regard as just. But the professionals still linger, mostly misunderstood; and commissioned conscripts swell their ranks not with temporary gentlemen, but with temporary professionals. Dazed with discipline, astonished by archaisms, they hardly know what to make of it; conscience makes Crouchbacks of us all. Even the born officer, the natural leader of men, the national hero—thanks to the paradox—treads a curious tightrope: bravery touches foolishness; the knight is all but a knave.

All this becomes evident in the course of Mr. E. S. Turner's narrative. Like his earlier dives into the ragbag of social history, *Gallant Gentlemen* sets out to expose the bizarre and ludicrous sides of activities normally taken solemnly. Love was one (in *A History of Courting*): soldiering is another. It begins, promisingly, with the reflection that even Sir Philip Sidney, unlike the modern officer, "probably did not know the art of crossing a river by taking off his trousers and inflating them." Describing the days before Cromwell, it reminds us that Parliamentary officers included

> brutal soldiers of fortune, of whom a dire example was that Croatian captain Carlo Fantom, "the great ravisher," who eventually joined the Royalists and was hanged by them for excessive indulgence in his hobby.

It tells us of later armies, after the Restoration, which existed largely on paper, to the profit of their commanding officers: infants were commissioned and gained seniority, while "rascals . . . roamed the country making some sort of living by appearing at false musters." At sea, meanwhile, military officers, often seasick, commanded soured tarpaulin captains: "George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, is said to have issued cavalry orders like 'charge' or 'wheel to the right.'" Sensitive souls, like Lt.-Col. John Blackader, deplored "the profanity and wickedness" of the army, "'where the scum and dregs of mankind are gathered together.'" Tossing subalterns in blankets was the least of the wickedness, indeed, recorded of such figures as the aptly-named Lieutenant Pester. "The townsfolk of Alicante," Mr. Turner tells us,

> hearing that the British were arriving, evacuated their nuns to Majorca and replaced them behind the grilles by courtesans. The susceptible officers threw handkerchiefs and nosegays to the inmates and were much gratified by their spirited reception.

As Army conduct improves, however, the high spirits of Mr. Turner's book gradually subside. He tells some little-known stories of the Duke, of the early days of Sandhurst ("Hell-over-the-Hill" to Wellington College), of Army pronunciation ("Take your wegiment home, Sir"), of Captain Clement Attlee ("'a charming fellow . . . but a damned, democratic, Socialistic tub-thumping rascal'"), and of World War II. But seriousness keeps breaking in: and, on reflection, this seems only right. Even in the roaring days of Lord Cardigan, even among the waggon-trains and dancing-girls of some Imperial campaigns, officers were not all the brave boobies that some of them seem now. Often, they were the only buffer between their soldiers and the mean rapacity of Parliaments that wanted their Army on the cheap. For these and for other saving graces, Mr. Turner—a little abashed—gives credit. It hardly becomes us, indeed, to smile too patronisingly on the strange, rapt creatures who protect our lives. But how strange they are emerges in every chapter of Mr. Turner's book: and never more so than in its last. There, deadpan as ever, he delivers his punchline: "somewhat whimsically," he tells us, "the Army Act requires that a woman officer shall observe the code of an 'officer and a gentleman.'" Thanks to Mr. Turner, another of life's mysteries is dispelled.

RICHARD MAYNE

Whose Tragedy?

The Tragic Life of Toulouse Lautrec. By LAWRENCE and ELISABETH HANSON. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

"This then is the man, a cross between a monstrosity and a figure of fun who walked with difficulty about Montmartre, his ordeal prolonged by the slow, step by step progress made with a kind of dragging motion. . . ." And this then is the book, for the description fits it equally well and the reader's ordeal is prolonged not only by the kind of dragging motion with which the prose makes its slow progress, sinking frequently to its knees in the syntax and breathlessly lurching about between eulogy and dubious critical appraisal. "This is the man who is freely condemned by his healthy upstanding critics for the life that is now to be described," and this is the book which I, for one, freely condemn for being pretentious, ill-informed and vulgar.

I do not think that Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, for all their diligence in research, understand what they are talking about. They pronounce opinions of a well-worn orthodoxy as if they were revelations and they shake their fists at "critics" (healthy and upstanding) whom they suggest are still given to condemning Lautrec for the immorality of his life and the sordid ugliness of his art. But the truth of the matter is that these "critics" are Aunt Sallies raised by Mr. and Mrs. Hanson and duly bombarded by them and they have not been of consequence, if they have

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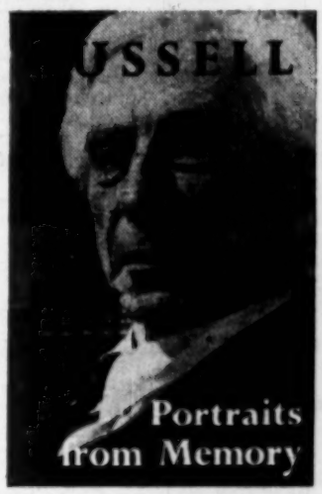

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"a book to stir our hearts and move us from our lethargy."—*Peace News.* *Illustrated* 15*s.*

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN: MUSEUM STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

even existed in the flesh, for fifty years. Everywhere, throughout the book, little moral and æsthetic judgments are brandished with bellicose vigour, in order to confute the pasteboard opposition, the apocryphal denigrators, with the avowed intention of establishing unembellished with "the superfluous adornments of fiction" the truth about Lautrec, a proposition hampered by the weight of superfluous adornments in the form of psychological and moral clichés as voluminous as the petticoats of Jane Avril.

In this cause we are told that Lautrec expressed "all too well the decadence of his age"; that "a deformed body leads to a deformed life" and hence that Lautrec must have "sought forgetfulness [of his deformity] first and foremost . . . in drink and company." Pat comes the conclusion that, consciously or not, he was "sublimating" his longing to be dancing, wrestling, and riding horses bareback, which he was physically incapable of doing, by choosing these subjects to paint. Upon the basis of this kind of interpretation one might assume that Degas "sublimated" his desires to be a ballet-dancer and chose to paint his numerous ballet studies because of his inherent inability to dance *Giselle* to his own satisfaction.

It might be possible to scrape by with this kind of trite analysis if it were alleviated by some freshness of approach to any aspect of Lautrec's life and art, or if any real passion for the subject were in evidence. But this is a professionally concocted biography, a chore; and for all the homework the authors have done on the biographical data, they remain ignorant of those techniques of painting and the graphic arts with which their victim was indefatigably concerned. *Gaffes* abound. Lithography is described as an "experimental" medium, whatever that is, and as the most difficult of arts because "the line of the lithographic crayon once made cannot be rubbed out or covered with paint"! Lithography is certainly a difficult craft but not for this reason because any line can be removed from the surface of the lithographic stone with a sharp knife and no trouble. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson do not seem to have paid proper attention to the technique of lithography but this has not prevented them from discussing Lautrec's lithographs at length. They do not seem to have paid attention to the illustrations in their own book, for that matter, for they describe Cissie Loftus, in the well-known print, as wearing a bowler-hat. And out of this hat, perhaps, they produce some of their more extraordinary generalisations. They find in Lautrec's pictures "a combination of realism and evocation of atmosphere which most painters regard as incompatibles." Who are these painters? What does this statement mean? Is it applicable to Degas who is incidentally described as lacking in heart, or Forain who is remarked as painting without conviction, or is it incompatible with what is succinctly summed up as "the dot technique of Seurat"? Or does this pronouncement concern the art of Hogarth, to whom Lautrec is favourably compared as being utterly without that English hypocrisy of which Hogarth was apparently guilty? One is left wondering whether Mr. and Mrs. Hanson know anything whatever about painting, never mind lithography, and upon what they base the judgments they make so glibly and continually.

Lautrec became an alcoholic, and an alcoholic is a person whom Mr. and Mrs. Hanson feel is usually dismissed as a weakling; he frequented brothels and he chose the life of a debauchee, which, in the main, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson consider a bad thing. However, they forgive Lautrec because he was a hard worker and was not, on the whole, happy, because he was a cripple. He gets good marks for making an effort in private and bad marks for being heartless, lewd, frivolous and trivial in public. It is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Hanson will not find it necessary to mark the spiritual examination papers of Christopher Marlowe, Franz Hals, Hazlitt, Verlaine, Edmund Kean, Modigliani and anyone else you can think of in this connection. They have, it seems, already dealt with Coleridge, Gauguin and Van Gogh, and I am sure these managed to get a pass. For my part I think that impertinence to creative artists is not much mitigated by declaring that they had genius.

MICHAEL AYRTON

When the Child Appears . . .

My Two Worlds. By NORA WYDENBRUCK. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

The Visiting Moon. By CELIA FURSE. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Poetry offers us the choice of two valid, if mutually exclusive attitudes to the subject of childhood: the first, wherein the corn is orient and immortal wheat, claiming that Heaven lies about us in our infancy; the second, which marches breast forward, convinced that the best is yet to be, and intent on stressing, on the contrary, the superiority of the spiritual bonus reserved for the senescent. (*Videlicet:* He laughs best who laughs last.) Of these contrasted modes, the autobiographical studies of Countess Wydenbruck and Lady Furse—the one set in the baroque surroundings of a Carinthian château, the other amid the holly and the ivy of a Somerset rectory—provide each a characteristic specimen.

Lorsque l'enfant paraît, le cercle de famille
Applaudit à grands cris.

No applause greeted, at Meisselberg, the birth of a second daughter. Brought into the world in the hope of providing her parents with a son and heir, unable to atone for this initial failure, Nora Wydenbruck was further disqualified in the quest for affection by the problem of her looks. This fact was early made plain to her.

> I sat on a low chair between my parents and there was a feeling of extreme tension. Suddenly my father said: "What a big nose she has for such a small child." "She has indeed," my mother replied. "Anyway she's as ugly as a monkey."

The reiteration of such remarks not only undermined, dangerously, the child's self-esteem, but early established the fact that there was to be no living-room allotted to her within the precincts of the family circle. A corrosive resentment set in which fulminated throughout adolescence: her mother and her sister, she felt, inhabited a secure, unattainable world where everybody was elegant and good-looking, and preoccupied with pleasures from which she alone was excluded.

> About that time I had a recurring dream which gives the key to my state of mind: I was standing, bloody but unbowed, facing an execution squad and being very brave like Andreas Hofer, the patriot of the Tyrol. . . . But suddenly I saw Mama and Helen, beautifully dressed, walking past in the distance, and heard my sister saying: "Don't look—it's Baby."

Shortly afterwards, frustration and misery caused a complete breakdown, and she was sent to a clinic near Vienna, where her desperation was such that she tried to strangle herself with her own pigtail. ("A conventional girlhood" is how the publishers oddly describe the events of the foregoing *mise-en-scène.*)

In 1919, Countess Wydenbruck married Alfons Purtscher, the friend of Rilke. Not long after, the newly married couple were living as penniless refugees in London. By the time the sirens of the second world war were wailing through the streets, not only had a modest house in West Kensington replaced, in the affections of its owner, the rose-pink château of Meisselberg, but a deeper and more significant transaction had taken place. Losing so much which seemed essential to happiness, she had gained something far more precious: "the freedom of an abiding city." It is surely this latter, and not the "shabby rooms in London," as the book-jacket suggests, which is to be regarded as the second of the "two worlds" inhabited, during a troubled and ultimately rewarding lifetime by Nora Wydenbruck.

The Visiting Moon, whose rays so fondly select the gentler contours of the days that are no more, belongs, pre-eminently, to the charm school of reminiscent writing. It is a story of Christmas Past, designed, not without calculation, for the needs of Christmas Present. Through it we, the orphans of the contemporary storm, are permitted to press our noses to the windowpane of the Victorian era; to aspire, while puncturing our tins or stirring our dehydrated soup, the rich flavour that arises from the stockpot of bland and uncontested privilege.

Lady Furse's book is founded upon personal experience: we must, therefore, take the author's word for it that in the last decade of the nineteenth century, no trace of guilt, aggression or neurosis marred the lives of young or old: that, from the grandfather down to the infant in arms, from dewy morn till rosy eve, all, at Waterleigh, was unmitigated sweetness and light. Alas for the perversity of modern taste! Flagging under an overdose of saccharine, the palate craves for the dash of bitters that would redeem and enliven the whole. Not that the book is without its inherent quality: the decorations of Mr. Charles Stewart are a joy to the eye; and there are moments, worth waiting for, when, fleetingly, the narrative restores to us the impact of a long-lost magic.

> By now the red egg was between Tony's hands, and she was sitting on the floor struggling to open it. After a little coaxing the crack round its middle widened and it suddenly split into two halves, pouring an avalanche of exquisite little wooden toys into her lap. There were jugs and bowls and plates and even a tea-urn or samovar, with a gold knob to its lid and a tiny red tap!

The "Tony" of the above passage is Celia Furse herself, who has chosen to interpose an intrusive film of muslin between her audience and the identity of the many characters she presents. Since the family tree of the frontispiece is similarly blurred, the curious reader is left to tease out, unaided, Newbolts from Duckworths; to separate, as best he may, the warp of fact from the woof of fantasy. Doubtless, the author's intention was to secure, thereby, the necessary objectivity. This essential service, however, time itself invariably provides: and in any case, as Proust was to find, is not the use of the first person singular the most impenetrable of all disguises?

BETTY MILLER

The Earl and the Entrepreneur

Castlerosse. By LEONARD MOSLEY. *Arthur Barker.* 15*s.*

No Name on the Door. By A. H. WILLIAMS. *W. H. Allen.* 18*s.*

> It was thus that Castlerosse started the three happiest months of his life. The only time he would wish to live again. . . . He had a woman constantly by his side so incredibly beautiful as to belong to another world and more endearing than the buds of roses on a dewy morning. . . . At long last Castlerosse loved and was loved in return.

So Valentine, Viscount Castlerosse, in a fragment of autobiography. But who was Castlerosse? readers under the age of thirty, too young to remember the *Sunday Express* "Londoner's Log" will ask. Castlerosse, of whom Lord Beaverbrook once wrote that "he must in due time outshine the giants and memories of Fleet Street and become the most formidable and attractive force of this epoch"? Can it be that, in spite of those words, some explanation is necessary?

Lord Castlerosse was a Kenmare of Killarney, an 18-stone butterfly of the Twenties, who became famous as the writer of the oddest feature in British journalism between the wars. In the "Londoner's Log" he put down every Sunday gossip about his own life, and about the people he had met during the week. He wrote with good humour, occasional malice, sometimes almost wit. Yet it was less Castlerosse's journalistic qualities that made his column famous, than the fact that a man in his social position should write a gossip

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and, of course, Geoffrey Cotterell's

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—PAT WALLACE.

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PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON
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'*The Intruder* is steeped in the sun-baked, cruel solitary atmosphere of the Provencal hill-country . . . Taken on any level it is an admirable novel; but those who have the patience and inclination to probe beneath its hot, vivid surface will perhaps find themselves more richly rewarded.'—PETER GREEN (*Daily Telegraph*). 'Absorbing, intelligent and highly professional.'—*Evening Standard.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

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column at all. For he really was on friendly terms with important people in society, from the Prince of Wales downwards, and—at first sight rather strangely—his activities were not resented. He was Society's first press officer, and there has never been another one like him.

He was also a remarkable character, in a style that was symbolic of the period. He ate, drank and made love with the extravagance of a Dumas; he made a disastrous marriage to Doris Delavigne, who was probably the model for the heroine of *The Green Hat* and almost certainly for the heroine of *Private Lives*; his expenditure was immense, and often ridiculous. The orchids sent by air to a new girl friend at a cost of £200, the bath filled with Vichy water during a temporary failure of the taps, the broken golf clubs, the restaurant telephone torn from its socket—Castlerosse carried out many exploits of this traditional kind. He had a nice touch of humour. "About the telephone and the crockery," he said on the last occasion, "if there is a bill for damage, send it to that well-behaved small man going out. His name is Lord Castlerosse." The small man was Lord Beaverbrook, who came many times to the rescue of his errant genius.

Within this fat man (his weight increased to 22 stone) there was, of course, a thin one. Mr. Mosley sketches him sympathetically in this lively biography, the shy, ugly boy, slow of speech and given to blushing, who was convinced that his mother liked him less than her other sons, and that women had no use for him. It was the thin Castlerosse who spent "the three happiest months of his life" with a Parisian woman who called herself a *cocotte*. The Castlerosse who became famous, who ate, drank, and squandered money with compulsive eagerness, was not a happy man. He agreed with those who called him a fat clown and a hired entertainer. This was the thin man's verdict on the fat one, yet it was not a just verdict. Truer, although perhaps, a shade too kind, was the epitaph of his uncle, Maurice Baring:

> The stupid world, a shade more dull and gray,
> Goes rolling on, for Valentine's away.

There is a good book to be written about Gordon Selfridge, but probably not by anybody so close to him as Mr. Williams, who as advertising and then sales manager was his assistant for more than twenty years. Mr. Williams is not exactly pietistic, but he does not dig very deep. Like Castlerosse, Selfridge was interesting partly as a symbol of a social system now gone for ever; his success, again like Castlerosse's, failed to satisfy him—or why should the old man of seventy have spent two million pounds in ten years on actresses and gambling?

Selfridge was a sales and advertising genius, and inherent in such genius is love for the absolutely banal. ("Do you know the three most wonderful things in the world, Williams? A flower, a baby's smile, and a sunrise.") Mr. Williams shows us the emotional do-gooder, who believed that his Callisthenes advertisements were a great contribution to practical Christianity: but the same man set up Gaby Deslys in a house in Kensington Gore, and squandered fortunes on Jenny Dolly. Mr. Williams does nothing to explain this double life, with what must have been its agonising accompaniment of doublethink. Selfridge, one might say, was Castlerosse in reverse; an embodiment of the truth that within every tight-fisted little thin man there is a dangerous fat one, waiting his moment to expand into the extravagant glories of self-destruction.

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★

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

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Jack Jones, famous Welsh novelist, says of *The Valley, The City, The Village:* "An almost unique blend of comicality and poetic prose . . . This novel will prove a joy for ever."

DENT

Sacrifice to Apollo

The Castrati in Opera. By ANGUS HERIOT. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

What a gulf lies between Bach and Handel, the two masters of the high baroque, and Mozart. What very odd, unfamiliar fish lurk in its depths. Of course, we sometimes hear the music of Telemann and Dittersdorf and the brood of younger Bachs, but what of Hasse and Graun, Jommelli, Galuppi and Terradellas? Names, or less than names; yet in the eyes of contemporary observers by far the most important musical form was the opera—fashionable yet popular, international, and wildly expensive. Mr. Heriot more than once compares it with the film today, and the analogy is strikingly apt. Over and above any aesthetic pleasure it might give it seemed to satisfy some profound social need, and so acquired a kind of stranglehold on eighteenth-century taste that is difficult to understand today. Charles Burney, for example, who was nobody's fool, could devote practically the whole of the last part of his great *General History of Music* (1789) to a detailed catalogue of London's operatic seasons over the past half-century, nicely assessing the relative worth of the composers and, above all, the singers.

The singers, as we might expect, were the Gables and Crawfords, the Monroes and Dorses of their day, and among them it was the high voices, the sopranos and contraltos, who commanded the greatest admiration. The general taste was for extreme clarity in musical texture and timbre; basses and tenors were all very well for minor roles, particularly comic or elderly ones, but heroic sentiments required to be declaimed at a heroic pitch, and that meant *high*. But it did not mean that the ladies ruled the stage. The custom of preventing particularly promising voices from breaking at puberty by first castrating their owners seems to have begun in the latter part of the sixteenth century—whether in Spain or in Italy is debated, but at any rate Italy was to have a virtual monopoly for the next two hundred years. It was illegal, of course, but as long as the highest powers in Church and State smiled benevolently on the end-product—a sound ("brilliant, light, full of sparkle, very loud") which we can only imagine—the means were not likely to be too rigorously suppressed.

Mr. Heriot has produced a fascinating study of the castrati, not least because he has set them in their context. The vain, delicate, and enormously accomplished creatures, at whose warblings monarchs wept and the public rioted, seem slightly less absurd when we can set them in their place in that gorgeous gallery of gallant inventions, the eighteenth-century opera-house. There is an excellent biographical list of all the best known castrati, and yet how salutary it is to be reminded of the other poor, anonymous wretches, who never had a chance to strut the boards as Pompey or as Mithridates and finished up in dim church choirs or provincial opera-houses. The sacrifice to Apollo was not always justified, even musically.

JEREMY NOBLE

Ring Out, Wild Belles

Private Views. By OSBERT LANCASTER. *Gryphon Books.* 5*s.*

Merry England. By RONALD SEARLE. *Perpetua.* 15*s.*

The Lover's Bedside Book. By RAYMOND PEYNET. *Perpetua.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Girl Watcher's Guide. By DON SAUERS. *Deutsch.* 6*s.*

Chips off a Shoulder. By SPROD. *Reinhardt.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Funnier Still. By DAVID LANGDON. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Hoffnung Music Review. By GERARD HOFFNUNG. *Dobson: Putnam.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Dubout's Raillery. By DUBOUT. *Putnam.* 6*s.*

A Century of Punch. Edited by R. E. WILLIAMS. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

Cartoon Treasury. Edited by LUCY and PYKE JOHNSON. *Collins.* 25*s.*

In May we had that wedding; Marilyn Monroe was here for months; and it seems to have been the most energetic year of Debilry since well before the war. So not surprising to find the first four of these Christmas Present books well occupied with the girls. Nobody here has quite got the 1956 girl, the mixture of Rock 'n' Roll and Make-it-Yourself—though, of course, that great statistician and Motivation Research king, Mr. Lancaster, gets closer to it than anyone ("According to Freud, deep down inside me there's a father-image with an expense account," says Lady Littlehampton's daughter to a terrified young executive in a white tie). Some 60 of this year's cartoons are printed in *Private Views*.

The other essential is Mr. Searle's first mixed bag for over three years; and there are some pretty splendid specimens in it. "How to kill a man . . . in six efforts" starts with: "I. By Love", and we have his famous langorous female bleeding mascara everywhere. The other main type is that rummy, tall, drooping, late-middle-aged man with The Hand of Authority or one of the mascara women just about to nail him: a splendidly produced book. Peynet gives another set of variations on the charming lad and lass who are always unbuttoning or buttoning up. There are clever little tricks with balloon-bosoms and musical notes. Another well-made book and a charm to give anyone—but a revelation for an unmarried Aunt in the Cotswolds with a broad mind, or a Naval Wardroom. The idea of an illustrated guide to girl-watching is a good one, but it has not really come off. The drawings by Nicolas Bentley are a bit discreet; and I don't think Mr. Sauers has done enough field-work (fancy, for example, forgetting to mention the Berkeley Square Reservation!).

Now we come to two artists who are probably best known to us all through *Punch;* and two sports. The collection by Sprod (it is his real name) is the first one he has made; and Mr. Muggeridge in an introduction rightly praises the *funniness* of his drawings. They really do make you laugh. David Langdon's make you laugh as well, of course. He has performed one very clever bit of expertise, in that, while basically the same in form, his *New Yorker* drawings are of Ameri-

Wyndham Lewis

The Human Age, I

CHILDERMASS

The brilliant first novel of *The Human Age* is now republished, illustrated by Michael Ayrton. It introduces the two ex-human beings, Pullman and Satters, waiting in the camp outside the Magnetic City. It is in this book that the Bailiff, Mr. Lewis's most extraordinary creation, holds his disorderly court among the recently dead. **25s**

Brendan Behan

THE QUARE FELLOW

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When this play about capital punishment was produced in London it excited great interest. The scene is an Irish prison, the time the twenty-four hours preceding an execution, and the characters the prisoners and warders. With no story, but much interaction of character, *The Quare Fellow*, is a theatrical 'tour de force'. **10s 6d**

Chiang Yee

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'After so many stereotyped tours it is a pleasure to explore Paris, and to rediscover some of its aspects, in the company of such a cultured and yet unspoilt Oriental guide.' *(The Economist)*. **Illustrated by the author in colour and line, 30s**

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Methuen

BOOK SOCIETY CHOICE FOR DECEMBER

MADAME Solario

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"It is a novel in the classical tradition: an enthralling story that is also a major work of art . . . one cannot read many pages without becoming excitedly aware that one is in the hands of a master . . . it is incontestable, I think, that nothing of comparable quality has appeared for many years"—GERALD BULLETT, *The Bookman*. 16s.

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EDITED BY R. E. WILLIAMS

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The 1,000 best humorous drawings from a 100 years of *Punch* containing the work of 200 artists, and all collected in a beautiful volume which is a joy to own—and to give away! 30s.

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Mary Pickford
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SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR
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Lord Brabazon
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STORIES BY OLIVIA MANNING

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HEINEMANN

cans and his *Punch* and *Lilliput* ones are of the British. The first of the sports is Hoffnung, odd and complicated stuff about strange musical instruments together with amusing drawings of well-known conductors. To really appreciate the joke you have to think music, musicians and trombones are serious things in the first place. M. Dubout is claimed as the Emett of France in the blurb—which may be true in France but not in Britain. Emett's fantasies are gay dreams of trains—these are coarse and nightmarish.

The last two great tomes on the list contain thousands of "Best Humorous Drawings" or "World's Funniest Cartoons"—call these packed pages of scribbles what you will. It is interesting to open up all the daily and Sunday newspapers, most of the popular weeklies, and look at their cartoon content: not only strip features, but joke drawings, by the page or the double-page spread. Is the mental effort required to get from the last frame of Buck Ryan to the first frame 24 hours later becoming too great? All the little simple jokes, mostly crudely drawn, arriving at umpteenth serial-rights prices on editorial desks from Bergen to Kansas. And very slowly some of the recent visual groups have percolated down from the more sophisticated magazines. Knights in armour tattooing, musical notes, centaurs, tonsures are cases in point.

In these two collections you can trace some of the beginnings. The *Punch* book is far the best. *Cartoon Treasury* was edited in America, but misses far too many of the best artists drawing now, although the material comes from all over the world. There are too many cartoons to a page, it is difficult to read. Mr. Williams (who was on the staff of the paper for 26 years) gives us a thousand of the best funny drawings from *Punch* over the last hundred years. They are presented in subject groups, such as "Love, Courtship . . . and it takes two" or—a long one, this—"For the Duration." There are too many post-war artists who, after all, mostly churn out a collection every November; and not enough of Leech, Keene, Phil May, Belcher. And of the near moderns not enough of Bert Thomas or, particularly, George Morrow. But this is a delightful book to own; to place yourself at your beginning years with *Punch* (H. M. Bateman?) and so backwards to du Maurier and forward to Fougasse and Anton. BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

WIGGIN

In Spite of the Price of Hay

The boy from Blogwich, now eminent TV critic, *Sunday Graphic* columnist, and well-known authority on fishing, has here given us a laughing memoir, brimming with tenderness and vitality, of his youth in the Black Country. 'The heart lifts to come across so enjoyable a life.' *Sunday Times.*

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BARSLEY

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SHAW

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The 'Intelligent Child's Guide', *The Times Literary Supplement* called this, Shaw's first book. Nominally addressed to a small girl, it is the wicked Christmas present for parents, revealing G.B.S. at his best in the role of Practical Philosopher.

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Through all bookshops.

Phoenix

Published by Phoenix House Ltd., 38 William IV Street, London, W.C.2.

Round-up

Ballet

THERE are enthusiastic and persevering writers on ballet this year, but none who is able to apply an equal degree of intelligence or breadth of understanding to the subject as Prince Peter Lieven. In his *Birth of Ballets-Russes*, now reprinted (Allen & Unwin, 30s.), he wrote the story of the Ballets-Russes, analysing all the main characters with great frankness and perception, Benois being shown as the main figure influencing Diaghileff's artistic direction. But, as with all books on this subject, it is the genius of Diaghileff himself that possesses the reader, that overwhelms him with its brilliance and variety. Ivor Guest is a retiring, knowledgeable sort of historian, who concentrates on the nineteenth century. He covers his material in detail, and the effect in his latest book, *Fanny Cerrito* (Phoenix House, 30s.) is both interesting and dull: interesting because many of the facts are amusing and important; dull because he writes without the least passion, dutifully. Cerrito was a goddess of the romantic era of ballet who danced in triumph from the age of fifteen in Europe and Russia, but in this over-restrained life it does not seem to have been an especially exciting career.

Surely there was never an annual so full of approval as *The Ballet Annual* (Black, 25s.). No. 11 is no exception: there are a few slivers of criticism for work produced between 1955 and 1956, while the praise is honeyed. More discriminating is *Ballet Decade* (Black, 25s.), a collection of the best articles in *The Ballet Annual* during the past ten years. Karsavina, Serge Lifar, Geoffrey Corbett and Michael Ayrton all write events. *The Bolshoi Theatre Ballet* (Central Books, 8s. 6d.) consists mainly of photographs of Soviet dancers and ballets. There is also a history of the whole concern, beginning in 1773; but the script is mainly about contemporary work. As in *The Ballet Annual*, criticism is careful. The photographs give a good impression of the Russian school of ballet.

A. F.

Art

THE highest, widest and most handsome of the art books of the season is the hardest to take. Those who can detach themselves from the present and its melancholy reflections, will, if they have a taste for the most nobly rigid cast of mind of which man is capable, gain great pleasure from the volume on *Egypt*, one of the finest of all Phaidon books (50s.). Opening *Masters of British Painting* 1800-1950 (Museum of Modern Art, $5.50) one is, again, self-conscious. The selection of painters and pictures in the New York exhibition recorded in this book gives the school a spare and elegant look which does credit both to English art and to contemporary good taste. "The British," Mr. Ritchie, the selector, begins, "are a contradictory people. . . ." In fact they are a good deal more so than they are made to seem here. The early nineteenth century, for instance, without Raeburn, Lawrence, Fuseli or Wilkie, without in fact, any but landscape painters (and Blake), is a much less rich and tangled thing than it really was. It is also much smarter—indeed wonderfully fresh, simple and original. Palmer (one of the New York elect, but none too fully represented there) is the subject of a distinguished essay by Robert Melville in a recent Faber Gallery issue (12s. 6d.), perhaps the most genuinely useful of the whole series.

Fifty years ago *The Bible in Art* was the theme of two fat books, packed with heterogeneous illustrations, edited by W. Shaw Sparrow. These are now to be succeeded by Phaidons; the first, on *The Old Testament* (Phaidon, 42s.) has appeared. The new book is excellent in taste and scholarship, there is hardly a bad work in it, but it is much duller than the old one. The fact is that in the years intervening the tradition of imagery represented has finally died. There is no reason for the new editor to bother with the Nazarenes or Burne-Jones or the shady delights of what was referred to as the Modern French School; they will have no successors. Instead a departed order of life and art is laid out before us in its tasteful, photogravure shroud. Only Rembrandt, out of his sheer piety and vice, is still kicking.

The imagery of *Dutch Still-Life Painting* (Faber, 84s.) is perhaps almost as remote; it is the continuous and serious interest which the painters themselves took in it which keeps it alive. Dr. Bergström's careful, learned examination, from the early additive breakfast-piece to the florid end of the *pronk* (*anglice* swank) still-life, captures one almost in spite of oneself in just the same way. It is impossible not to like the book and the painters (eating, as one imagines, their additive Germanic breakfasts): to collectors and the trade the work will naturally be indispensable. *From Van Eyck to Bruegel* (Phaidon, 42s.) is a translation of an essay, published forty years ago, which proved to be Max J. Friedlander's first sketch for his fourteen monumental volumes on the Netherlandish painters. In it he was concerned less with artistic character as such, than with the foundations of scientific knowledge of them and this knowledge is now much changed, more than any footnotes can keep up with. Those who are not concerned with scientific art-history have here the best of it: the plates provide by far the most beautiful conspectus of the field that is to be had.

L. G.

Fliers and a Star

Into The Silk (Hale, 16s.), a history of the Caterpillar Club, tells not only of members' escapes with parachutes but also of men who jumped without and preposterously survived—for instance, Sergeant Stannard, who found himself sitting in the broken-off tail unit which spiralled through 9,000 feet to land him unhurt. Mr. Mackersey's compendium of a hundred such events is breezily literate and, in contrast with Larry Forrester's biography of Wing Commander "Immortal" Tuck, neither hackneyed nor repetitious. *Fly For Your Life* (Muller, 18s.) is redeemed because the svelte, pensive and resolute Tuck transcends the newsiness of his impresario's manner. One's lasting impression is of a would-be knight of the air baulked by impersonal technologies, and not quite fitting the Biggles mould to which Mr. Forrester's "extraordinary powers of description" (blurb) are obviously more attuned. But Tuck emerges safely, an exemplar and a person. So does Jean Offenberg, a Belgian pilot, whose journal, rather fulsomely monitored by Victor Houart into *Lonely Warrior* (Souvenir Press, 18s.), contributes to the literature of air fighting a testament of devout yet unreflective obsession. Offenberg's terse narrative, falling naturally into something like *versets*, and purged of facile ironies, is both moving and exciting.

For Albert Préjean, in *The Sky and The Stars* (Harvill, 18s.), the desperate camaraderie of the squadron is merely one item in a mosaic. Film-star, pilot, boxer, racing bicyclist, Préjean of the plebian cap and sharp, evaluating eyes has collected memoirs not merely fascinating in general but of interest to students of the film. His chit-chat has a benign, impenitent worldliness which, being also apathetic, is endearing.

P. W.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Paideia

And when I should remember the paragons of Hellas
I think instead
Of the crooks, the adventurers, the opportunists,
The careless athletes and the fancy boys,
The hair-splitters, the pedants, the hard-boiled sceptics
And the Agora and the noise
Of the demagogues and the quacks; and the women pouring
Libations over graves
And the trimmers at Delphi and the dummies at Sparta and lastly
I think of the slaves.
And how one can imagine oneself among them
I do not know;
It was all so unimaginably different
And all so long ago.

In his *Autumn Journal IX* Mr. Louis MacNeice has memorably restated our ignorance of the ancient world—an ignorance of *feeling*, the blank despair of comprehension that Virginia Woolf evoked with such eloquent frustration in her essay, "On Not Knowing Greek." How did an Athenian feel as he watched the *Agammemnon*? How did his wife feel when she exposed her first baby? How did a Spartan "patrol-leader" of seventeen feel as he dug his hunting knife into the helot's ribs on his initiatory Krupteia? We know little enough of the Etruscan language but, with all respect to D. H. Lawrence, we know even less about the average Etruscan's world-picture. Our questionings are endless. Only an inspired scholar such as a Boissier, a Zimmern or a Gilbert Murray, only informed imaginations of the calibre that Miss Renault displays in her novel, *The Last of the Wine*, can hope to thin the mist that hides these mysteries from the layman.

All the more reason to salute a major shaft of light when it appears. M. Marrou's book* is a triumph of humane scholarship, nothing less than a survey of education throughout the ancient world from Minoan Crete to the last grand flickerings of the University of Constantinople. A distinguished professor at the Sorbonne, M. Marrou is well known in France for his work on the philosophy of history and for an excellent popular study of St. Augustine. (He is also admired for his vigorous denunciation of French policy in Algeria—a protest which drew on him the odious attentions of the Paris police earlier this year.) Though he reiterates his points continually, rather in the manner of Mr. Isaiah Berlin's broadcast lectures, he does so with the same verve and brilliance and his style reads admirably in Mr. Lamb's translation. He is obviously a man of wide and deep culture, with considerable knowledge of anthropology and the social sciences—especially the science of education. He has a fine sense of contemporary literature, drawing on Valéry, Eliot, Sartre or Charles du Bos to reinforce the lessons of Isocrates, Cicero and Quintilian. He has a nice sense of humour and is not above retailing the bawdy phrases of an Athenian primary text-book or telling a tall boxing story from Dion Chrysostom. He has a congenial contempt not for German scholarship so much as for the Teuton scholar's imaginative processes—*e.g.*, the ability to manufacture a primitive Dorian race and *Kultur* and then equate its virtues with Frederick the Great and the goosestep. His book is a task, a delight and an enrichment of the imagination.

Like most scholars worthy of the name, M. Marrou has a powerful axe to grind. "Classical education," he tells us in his introduction,

> did not attain its own distinctive form until after the great creative epoch of civilisation. We have to wait until the Hellenistic era before we find it in full possession of its own specific forms, its own curricula and methods. Once it reached maturity, however, the inertia that is characteristic of all the achievements of civilisation—and particularly of any phenomena connected with educational routine—enabled it to preserve its structure and method for many centuries without any important change. The extension of classical education beyond the boundaries of the Greek world to Rome, Italy and the Latinised West, was to involve changes and adaptations of merely secondary importance.

His main ground of complaint is that previous classical scholars, spellbound by the original genius of Greek culture in its golden age—the fifth and fourth centuries B.C.—have tended to dismiss the Hellenistic period as a stale and unprofitable sequel. The professor is concerned to correct this foreshortening of the historical imagination. His aim is to win our respect for the educational achievements of the Ptolemies and the Seleucidæ. It was in the infant schools of the Fayum, in the gymnasia of Pontus and Asia Minor, he assures us, that the pedagogic principles of Plato and Aristotle were first fully developed. Originality and genius are not all. There must be a follow-up, a consolidation. "A civilisation," he insists, "must achieve its true form before it can create the education in which it is reflected."

The central portion of his book is accordingly devoted to a detailed and descriptive analysis of "Classical Education in the Hellenistic Age," but the steps by which the pattern was achieved are sketched brilliantly in seven preliminary chapters. In the first M. Marrou demonstrates how all Greek schooling stemmed from Homer and the aristocratic conception of ἀρετή ("valour," "*virtù*"), with its fiercely competitive "agonistic ideal"—formularised by later pedagogues as "the educational value of Discord." The force of knightly example, the imitation of a Hector, an Achilles or an Ajax dominated classical education at its outset—and for long afterwards. Homer's heroes "haunted the Greek soul."

At this point M. Marrou digresses to take a look at Sparta—the ideals of the barrack-room in place of the medieval castle, the heroes locked in single-combat yielding to the dreaded and amorous phalanx jackbooting it to the oboe. Yet he also outlines the heroic age of Sparta, one "very different from the usual picture of a harsh, barbarous city petrified in an attitude of morose distrust . . . a great cultural centre, open to strangers, to the arts, to beauty, to everything it would later pretend to reject. It was then what Athens was not to become until the fifth century.

"I must now speak of pederasty, for it affects education," wrote Xenophon, and in his next chapter M. Marrou does so, writing wisely and unexaggeratedly about the way in which homosexuality shaped Greek *Paideia*, the friendship between adult and adolescent producing a type of love that was "essentially educative . . . 'its aim is to educate' as Plato said." And he goes on to describe the system that eventually merged with and then ousted this Socratic method of teaching—the Sophists, paid and unpaid, resident or peripatetic, with their immense prestige and their circle of admiring pupils. The Sophists paved the way for the pedagogues who, in a higher or lower form, henceforth monopolised classical education—the faint precursors of Doctors Busby, Keate and Arnold.

M. Marrou's study now broadens out into a long and detailed examination of the pattern of Hellenistic teaching—primary, secondary and higher—that lasted, with much modification, at least until the sixth century A.D. He shows how it rested on the twin pillars of philosophy and rhetoric, symbolised by Plato and Isocrates, the first concerned to develop an ideal of inner harmony and perfection, the teeming intellectual city that a man bears within himself, the second humbly but vainly seeking to tie men to the obsolete values of the city-state through his doctrine of the *Logos*. "With his naïve idealism, his unlimited confidence in the power of words . . . Isocrates appears as the original fountainhead of the whole great current of humanist scholarship."

M. Marrou distils the essence of this plangent, declamatory civilisation, with its tropes and allegories, its set recitations and anthology pieces, its themes and exercises hackneyed but hallowed over the centuries, its "literary" mathematics and its medicine impregnated with philosophy. We come to realise how completely oral their culture was: "Throughout antiquity, until the Late Empire, silent reading was exceptional. People read aloud to themselves, or, if they could, got a servant to read to them." The scanty papyrus text-books, the absence of a blackboard, the counting on fingers—"A real art with strict rules which enabled the two hands to indicate any whole number from 1 to 1,000,000,"—all tell the same tale. The ancients knew and cared nothing for child psychology: "The aim was not to make things easy for the child but to give him the hardest things first, in the belief that once these were mastered the rest would follow of its own accord." Learning one's letters was no "The Cat Sat on the Mat" affair but a grotesque and heart-breaking business of learning first the letters, then syllables, then joining the syllables together ("Beta-Alpha-Ba," "Beta-Ei-Be," etc.), then monosyllabic words, and so on.

Gradually, as the centuries piled up, the Platonic ideal of the harmonious all-rounder ("it takes fifty years to make a man") gave way to a dominant and all-pervading "scribe-culture." Music, with all that it had once meant as a moral discipline, was elbowed more and more out of the curriculum. The once powerful Παιδοτρίβης who coached the young ephebes round the Athenian palæstra, found himself reduced to a kind of public school P.T. sergeant. The glories of the gymnasium—and M. Marrou has a wonderful chapter on Greek athletics—turned into the vulgarity of the circus; the wrestlers of the

* *A History of Education in Antiquity*. By H. I. MARROU. Translated by GEORGE LAMB. *Sheed & Ward*. 42s.

pankration, those scientific aristocrats of the ring, became the professional gorillas whose huge and horrible portraits we can still see on the mosaic frescoes of the Lateran Museum. The ephebia, once the mainstay of Athenian adolescent education, became an appendix to the "fashionable sporting world," a combination of Pop and the Bullingdon. The young men looked down on the μάθοντες—"those who only know because they have had lessons"—as so much swotting and squinting redbrick.

Rome made little change in the pattern. Greek equity became Roman law and the disputation themes took a more practical turn—*e.g.* the panegyric of Helen, the apologia for Palamedes, became "should the quæstor Cepion be convicted for opposing the corn law instituted by the tribune Saturninus?" The Latin *quadriga*—Virgil, Terence, Sallust and Cicero—replaced the study of Homer and Demosthenes. Otherwise it all went on much as before. M. Marrou carries his curve of history on into the spread of Christianity and the barbarian invasions—too long and complicated a tale to be paraphrased here. As the process hardens and ossifies, sclerosis sets in. The culture of scribes ends appropriately with the fifth-century cleric with an itch to get on squatting in the basilica at the feet of his bishop, taking down the holy man's sermon in short-hand.

It is easy to describe the riches of this book, but it is hard to find the moral. M. Marrou has some thoughtful and disturbing things to say about the humanist ideal—so necessary to an open society—in contrast to the scientific specialisation of today—so necessary if we are to survive as a society at all. Perhaps the greatest single merit of his book is that it enables us to visualise, in panoramic form, the unity and continuity of the ancient world—a unity hidden from us by the volume of classical literature that has disappeared and the relatively few bundles of papyri that remain. "We must not," he writes, "try to judge the Roman achievement according to the Hegelian category of becoming. Rome's own point of view is entirely classical, and she saw herself *sub specie æternitatis*, in the eternal light of an eternal present." It is this unchanging aspect of classicism, of a literary culture portentous and lopsided yet of an immutable splendour, that M. Marrou has emphasised so magnificently.

JOHN RAYMOND

Home Leave

A cold shape came to close the meal;
Grey and mottled, quivering on its plate.
I joked: Would that have been my fate?

Therewith I strolled across the well-found park,
Where Catholic church-bells work their
twelve-hour day,
And only dogs make merry, in their way.

And thence along that plump and sluggish stream,
With memories still green. A wind laid on
its dusty whips.
Back—I nearly shouted—back to the ships!

A tidy mess of pub, shop, church and
picture-house:
Roots can feed, but roots can also smother—
One man's blancmange is poison to another.

D. J. ENRIGHT

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Byron and Goethe: Analysis of a Passion. By E. M. BUTLER. *Bowes & Bowes.* 30*s.*
Heinrich Heine: a Biography. By E. M. BUTLER. *Hogarth.* 21*s.*

The relations between Byron and Goethe are among the strangest in literary history. The two men never met, and their letters—these were few—seemed destined to go astray or be indefinitely delayed. They had more solid difficulties to contend with as well. Byron did not know German, and Goethe had an imperfect understanding of English, and had not read much of Byron's poetry. *Manfred* roused his admiration; the first two cantos of *Don Juan* cooled it again; but it revived with *Cain* and was fairly steady afterwards, fed on the late dramas and *The Vision of Judgment*. But he never read *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

His mental picture of Byron as a man was just as strange. *Manfred* had sent him to Lady Caroline Lamb's silly romantic novel, *Glenarvon*, for an account of Byron, and he took it for granted that Byron had really committed a murder in Florence. This, curiously enough, did not offend his moral sense, which had jibbed at *Don Juan*. Chance, understanding and misunderstanding seem to have entered equally into his ghostly gropings for an image of the English poet. One might almost say that he invented Byron, and that the figure he invented fructified his imagination and infused new vigour into his old age. To Byron, on the other hand, Goethe was simply a writer of European fame whose praise flattered him and to whom therefore he was prepared to pay homage. He knew almost nothing about the writings that had made Goethe famous. Shelley in conversation had given him a loose idea of *Faust;* but it was Goethe's reputation that mattered to him, and so he pestered his friends to explain the last pronouncement on him by this man who admired him so much. But he was displeased to hear that "old Goethe" had declared—wrongly as it happened—that *Manfred* was modelled on *Faust*. He did not know enough about Goethe to be influenced by him while Goethe suffered all the heartburning and elation of being profoundly influenced in his old age. Byron became an event in his life and his poetry, and was transformed in the second *Faust* into Euphorion, the mythical son of Faust and Helen of Troy, child of the encounter between the classical and the romantic imagination.

I cannot follow, as Professor Butler has done so admirably, all the intricate windings of this misfortunate yet successful, rash yet cautious, attempt of Goethe to understand an apparition called up by himself. The situation must have been extraordinarily difficult to present. To waken our sympathies for Goethe in a situation so tenuous and yet so real required quite unusual tact and insight. I think there is no doubt that Professor Butler has succeeded; she has even managed to give a touch of high comedy to the whole. There is a certain pathos too as we watch Goethe's youthful belief in the daemonic reviving again under such an improbable stimulus. For a long time the old man grew eloquent on the theme of the daemonic powers. In its curious way, it was a happy ending.

The last section of the book is less convincing. Professor Butler tries to demonstrate that the daemonic powers released by Byron and Goethe had further consequences, among them modern German history and the Hitler movement. There is something to be said for the theory, but much more evidence would be needed to substantiate it. Apart from this, Professor Butler's learning, insight and discrimination make this a remarkable book.

Her life of Heine is on a more ordinary level. Heine is a difficult man to write about, for he works on our feelings, and makes us take sides for or against him. He was himself passionate, vain, generous, spiteful, kind, and always ironically aware of it. A biographer has no choice but to be either an indulgent, or a candid, friend. Professor Butler is indulgent and finds the excuses for Heine which he hands out right and left, in the one hand generous passion, in the other irony. One thing is clear after reading Professor Butler; Heine was really, as he claimed, "a brave soldier in the Liberation War of humanity"; and very brave in the last agonised years of his life. Professor Butler is more concerned with his life than his work; and her occasional renderings of his poetry are so inadequate that they give no idea of it. Following his life as she describes it, one is aware of a strange mixture of feelings: admiration, exasperation, pity, irony. To make any sense out of Heine irony above all is needed, just as he found he needed it himself: in him it was really a kind of acutely protective self-consciousness. He did not get rid of it even in his love poems, where he is displayed as the great lover, a deliberately theatrical figure, and the object hardly appears at all. But when he did forget himself he wrote as simply as if a whole people were speaking through him, and the German people at that, much as he disliked them. His wit, on the other hand, came from his Jewish not his German side—Sainte-Beuve paid him the extravagant compliment of saying that if he only had a little less he might have been on the French level—and it was more at home in his prose than in his poetry. In both he was an enchanter; in his life he could not always be one; and so all his biographies are disappointing.

EDWIN MUIR

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Sometime, Never. By WILLIAM GOLDING, JOHN WYNDHAM, and MERVYN PEAKE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

I met Simenon when he came to London after the war and found him rather baffling. A short, muscular man with crisp brown hair and quick, nervous movements, he suggested a handsome athletic hamster. He wore, with a very smart and fashionably cut brown suit, a floppy lilac bow tie such as you only see round the neck of a French professor of literature come to examine at an English public school. Asked what were his strongest literary influences he answered at once without batting an eyelid: "*votre Charles Dickens.*" There may be a possible affinity here. Nevertheless I could not help forming the hypothesis of a rather naive person who had conventional ideas on how to make a favourable impression as a visitor to London.

He told me that his method of work was to sit down at his typewriter at 9 a.m., wait for five minutes to get into the right trance-like condition, and then begin to tap. He would tap without pausing except to light pipes for two hours, by the end of which he would have produced twenty-four pages of quarto double-spaced. That was his day's stint. Seldom less and never more. After that his horse was brought to the door. Creative imagination or the unconscious did the rest. I could not help suspecting that he had recently been reading Trollope's autobiography. One thing is certain about these phenomenally prolific novelists—and Simenon appears to be the most prolific of them all—and that is that their level is bound to be uneven. I used at one time to think that some of the Maigret stories represented Simenon's peak. Further acquaintance with Maigret, and with the sad realities of detection and the peculiar interpenetration that goes on between police and underworld, has caused me to doubt this. I believe the best of Simenon is to be found among the short-length non-Maigret novels—his full-lengths tend to drag and go soggy—which he wrote during the Thirties. Since the war and his removal to America his standard has declined; he seems to be forcing himself.

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Mr. Hire's Engagement, which is the first of the two stories in *The Sacrifice*, was first published in France in 1933. It is certainly one of Simenon's best, a livid little masterpiece of squalor and horror about a pathetic creature, of Russo-Armenian extraction, a small-time grafter who runs a mail-order business, phoney but just not illegal, selling spare-time card-painting outfits. He lives in a ghastly lodging-house in Villejuif, is a Peeping Tom and altogether just the man for the police to suspect of the murder of a prostitute. His "engagement" to the girl from the dairy, at whom he has been peeping, while inducing in him transports of sentiment, turns out to be a ghastly betrayal—of him. He makes a most apt object for Simenon's camera-eye to fasten on, as he darts furtively from the suburbs to the centre of the city and back, popping in an out of his cellar-office, his favourite bath-brothel, his huge family billiards café. And though he seldom speaks he makes a curiously sympathetic effect as a character, a real piece of creation. The second story (published in 1942), set in Les Sables-d'Olonne, about a young man's recovery of his erring wife, is one of the rare optimistic Simenons. Not bad, of course, but a little washy.

The Welsh boyhood book has established itself as a genre on its own, somewhere between autobiography and fiction. *The Valley, the City, the Village*, is a very pleasant example. Written in the first person singular, it takes its hero from childhood in the valley to student days at the university in the seaport town. But it is probably incorrect as well as unfair to think of it as primarily autobiographical because Mr. Jones has turned his Trystan into an artist and equipped him most imaginatively with a painter's eye and a painter's preoccupation with colour and form. As a novel it is a bit shapeless but as a lyrical documentary it is well worth reading. It gives you a most strong impression of Welsh talent and innate separatism.

The Sleep of the Just is a biographical novel written by and about a young Algerian Arab and is of value mainly as background information to the situation in North Africa. Arezki, a Kabyle, living in the sour feudal and feud-ridden society which makes the Arab world, however much you may sympathise with it in its oppressed state, so dismally depressing, gets an education, joins the Free French during the war, becomes an officer, makes his way to Paris and later plunges into the thick of Algerian politics. The writing is quite sharp and lively, with some good dialogue, but the construction is ragged; there are irritating breaks towards the end in which Arezki writes letters to his old French tutor. You are left feeling just about as hopeless as the situation.

Sometime, Never is an interesting little publishing experiment, three "tales of imagination" ranging from science fiction to total fantasy. Mr. Golding's story of a barbarian arriving at a Roman Emperor's court with a steam-driven boat and another fearful modern invention goes with a swing and has some good characterisation, but might he not have mentioned Hiero's aeropile? Mr. Wyndham indulges in a horrific fantasy of total matriarchy in the distant future, Mr. Peake exhibits one of his rather charming never-land grotesques.

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Wellington. By SIR CHARLES PETRIE. *James Barrie.* 25*s.*

The Conversations of the First Duke of Wellington with George William Chad. Edited by the SEVENTH DUKE OF WELLINGTON. *Saint Nicolas Press, Cambridge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The great Duke of Wellington was a man of fixed habits. During his lifetime he tried conclusions with a number of antagonists and made a practice of victory. After death he has with equal persistence defeated all his would-be biographers. Sir Charles Petrie is the latest victim. This book is sub-titled a "reassessment," implying that some new light is to be thrown upon the extraordinary character of the Duke. We are told that his outlook on life was conditioned by his upbringing as an Irish aristocrat of the Protestant Ascendancy—as if nobody had ever thought of that before! We are told that his victories in the Peninsula can be largely attributed to the wonderful assistance he received from the Spanish *guerrilleros*; that he had "more than normal luck" and "all the pettiness and the petulance which so often accompany greatness." When we are finally told: "Had he been happily married, or had he not been so long in the East during his most impressionable years, his character might have been very different, and the ugly side of his nature much less in evidence," it is clear that Sir Charles has abandoned his first notion of reassessment for reconstruction. The Duke has been manipulated out of all recognition to suit his biographer's preconceived ideas.

Attempts like this to fit Wellington into some simple category have invariably failed. Sir Charles's most recent predecessor, Richard Aldington, based his *Life* on the theme of loyalty (the Duke had a misleading habit of prefacing sentences with "I think it my duty"); and we know what happened to Napoleon when he wrote off his opponent as "a Sepoy general." There is plenty of excuse for such false estimates because appearances in the Duke's case are extremely deceptive. What mystery can there be about this unaffected, straightforward, downright military man, only too pleased to say exactly what he meant and preferably in words of one syllable? The truth is that he was not an ordinary man at all, such as biographers are accustomed to handle, but a unique individual, belonging to a sub-species of humanity of which he is the only member hitherto known to science—rather like Doctor Johnson. If one tries to equate him or compare him with the rest of mankind, one falls into the difficulty, familiar to mathematicians, of incommensurability. He formed his character in defiance of the accepted canons of psychology. After a deprived childhood, despised by his mother, he seems to have decided that love was an unnecessary encumbrance: his sex life consequently was casual or non-existent. Carrying enormous responsibilities, he never experienced anxiety or guilt, and was indifferent to praise or blame: he invariably slept like a top, preferably on a camp bed. He enjoyed romping with children, hunting with an umbrella and shooting badly. As a general, he had a horror of war ("the only thing worse than a battle won is a battle lost"); and England never fought again on the Continent after Waterloo until he died. In face of criticism of his actions and character, to which he has been much exposed from Whigs, Frenchmen, disgruntled Tories, Queen Victoria and Sir Charles Petrie, he never argued his case ("never apologise"). On such occasions Lord Ellesmere reports that he would pull "a face of rather droll elongation"; and this reviewer only wishes he could have been present to see it.

A Boswell might conceivably bring the Duke to life for later generations, by making him reveal his character in his own words. So pungent is the personal flavour, whenever one reads Wellington verbatim, that some authentic emphasis and intonation seem to survive even in dull print. We must accordingly be grateful to the seventh Duke of Wellington for allowing the contents of a small leather-bound book found in Apsley House to be published in a handsome limited edition. George William Chad, a diplomatic nonentity, met the great Duke on a few occasions between 1820 and 1848 and dutifully recorded their conversations in his little Diary. The text covers no more than 25 royal octavo pages (and too many of these are Chad speaking), but the sublime common sense of the Duke once again emerges splendidly from the grave. I select two oracular utterances appropriate to a later century: "It must always be, when once a gun is fired or a sword cut given—no one can know where it will end." And, "Oh yes, the Plan must be to try and keep those Places quiet that are quiet."

RALPH PARTRIDGE

No Man's Land

A Way of Life. By PETER WILDEBLOOD. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

"Perhaps there is nothing much to be learnt from this book. It has no shape and no message except perhaps the negative one that men and women will continue to lead their own lives," writes Mr. Wildeblood despondently, but it is a great deal better than that. There is much to be learned from it, though they are not always the things the author means to teach. No message? The trouble is that having adopted the unique role of interpreter between the heterosexual and the homosexual worlds he has far too many messages buzzing in his brain, and they tend inevitably to get scrambled during transmission.

As the cover pompously announces ("The underworld in our midst, a disturbing report"), Mr. Wildeblood's primary purpose has been to describe that strange no man's land inhabited by spivs, minor crooks, prostitutes, male and female, and their customers, with whom his own challenge to the law has brought him into contact. Although he writes with tremendous gusto and amused enjoyment of the quirks of human nature, the notorious difficulty of handling a "fictional documentary" has, I think, been rather too much for him. His pen runs away with him, the illusion of life disappears, the characters stiffen into puppets, the final situations, all intended to point some moral relevant to the homosexual's struggle for co-existence, are too palpably contrived to be helpful or convincing. But many people who have led sheltered lives will feel their experience

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enriched by meeting Stepney Pam and Reggie, with their artless professional prattle; Gordon Poole, the married man who learns the truth about himself too late; and the infatuated boys Ted and Rodney, who may not have learnt it at all.

Mr. Wildeblood makes no secret that he is out for more than *reportage;* he is, indeed, an inveterate propagandist. He admits handsomely to the "majority group" that "if we are really to be tolerated" (though, of course, it is much more than toleration which he is demanding: it is no less than "parity of esteem" for an alternative way of life) "there have got to be concessions on both sides. If we are to have our freedom we must deserve it." But it is disappointing to find that there are few signs in this book of concessions on the homosexual side, or even of a disposition to discuss the matter unemotionally. Faced by any example of "normal" standards of conduct bearing hardly on a homosexual, Mr. Wildeblood goes into a splutter of rage and contempt and never pauses to inquire whether the parent or employer has not also got a case. One wishes he could have been more helpful on the two main reasons why a policy of acceptance of homosexual standards is dreaded by the community at large, anxious as it is to grant the maximum of relief to a group of people isolated and frustrated by no fault of their own. First, there is the tendency towards promiscuity, with all its squalid side-effects, which much evidence goes to show is of the very essence of this condition; secondly, the attraction towards adolescence and young children. Mr. Wildeblood leaves obscure the extent to which he would propose to protect youths vulnerable to easy money and the flattering attentions of adults, and goes off on a tangent. Quite rightly, he is concerned with a problem much more common than the public is aware of, that of the sexually precocious child or adolescent, who is expert in seduction, blackmail and false accusations, behind a front of open-eyed innocence. He would be startled to know how strongly the police agree with him, and what trouble they take to limit the mischief done by these horrible youngsters. But all this does not alter the fact that children and young people have to be protected in any civilised community. (Contrary to general belief, most Continental countries do so up to the age of 18 or 21.) One wonders how far a "tolerated" homosexual group would be able or willing to concur in supporting this ethical standard, how far it would seek to upset it.

One other violently controversial issue should, I think, be mentioned as it has been allowed to bedevil both Mr. Wildeblood's books. I refer to the integrity of the police. It must, indeed, be a terrifying and embittering experience to be wrongly accused by blackguards with all the force of the law behind them. But is there on Mr. Wildeblood's own showing any evidence that this is a common occurrence? It seems childish to admit gaily that street-walkers earn £50 or more a week, to describe in detail their technique of soliciting, to boast of the extreme frequency of homosexual activities at all levels—and then to turn round and say that all (or nearly all) charges are false and supported by perjured evidence. This attitude becomes a nuisance as it tends to conceal really important issues. One wonders if a more meticulously truthful police force would be much comfort to homosexuals and prostitutes as the law now stands. It appears that the real grievance that Mr. Wildeblood and his friends have against the police is not that they occasionally tell lies but that they usually speak the truth. There is so much to learn of each other's point of view that in this controversy there is even less room than usual for unnecessary recriminations.

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Graduate Employment: A Sample Survey by P.E.P. *Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

How very far we have travelled since the publication in 1937 of Walter Kotschnig's *Unemployment in the Learned Professions*! Our trouble is no longer, as he put it then, "the misery of a whole generation . . . behind the dry figures of our statistical tables. . . ." Confusion and despair have been replaced by full employment. The employers woo the students.

That much is known. Political and Economic Planning rightly judged that we need more facts and has produced a report on the employment, between the years 1950 and 1954, of the men who graduated in British universities in 1950. The research was carried out by the Government Social Survey and it was financed by Counterpart Funds from the U.S. Economic Aid. The book is a mine of figures (ninety-two tables and thirty diagrams, excluding appendices). The facts, though, are not only in the tables. The text explains the figures, but further thought is required on their implications.

P.E.P. set out to discover the jobs which British graduates had entered in 1950, what they were doing in 1954, at what salaries, and the influences which determined their choice of employment. Women graduates were left out, "with some reluctance," mainly because the attitude of most industrial employers to women's work is different from that towards the employment of men, and the inclusion of women would certainly have made the figures less manageable. The report relates to almost four thousand men and their careers; it was a generation still very closely affected by the war and war service. Over half of them had read arts subjects, of whom a third became teachers; over a quarter graduated in science and two-fifths of those went into industry. One-fifth had degrees in technology. What the reader would like to know is the extent to which men are making different choices now, and whether the proportion in the various faculties is changing, and likely to change in the future, since arts and science pupils are now fairly evenly balanced in the sixth forms. The country is short of good science and mathematics masters: this report shows that in 1950 a higher proportion of those with third-class degrees in science and mathematics went into teaching than of those with firsts and seconds. The future supply of good science and maths. graduates is at stake.

For the past two years not enough really good candidates have been offering themselves for the administrative class in the Civil Service; the teaching profession could absorb more high-quality graduates. Industry does not speak with one voice, but the efforts made by many firms to attract university men show that they have room for more. Salaries have gone up since 1954 in most professions, but salary is not the only factor affecting a young man's choice. It seems to have more influence, according to this report, on the changing of jobs, but fewer men change careers. The armed services, mining and oil were, in 1950, the best-paid first employments.

An interesting section of the book deals with the influences in choosing employment: almost two-thirds of all the graduates said they had made their own decision, without parents, schoolmasters, professors or the Appointments Boards. Perhaps they are unwilling to admit to having been influenced. If that is so, will resistance have to be overcome if there is to be more inducement (financial incentives apart) to study science and enter industry in the national interest, if these choices do not tally with the individual's desires and aptitudes?

The contents of this book cannot be summarised. The authors rightly plead that their pioneering efforts should be followed by the publication of regular statistics on graduate employment. Only on the basis of such figures could our trained talents be deployed to the full.

JUDITH HUBBACK

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Report

When I was half-way through the entries to this competition I began to get an uneasy suspicion. Was all the furniture in the room watching me with hostile eyes? Did even my easy chair hate me? In ninety per cent. of the entries the Telly's feelings towards its audience were of this kind. They were epitomised in Amy Hollins's Blake-like couplet:

> A gawping, guzzling ass I knew—
> O! Mr. Viewer, how do ye do?

Indeed, every other set longed for its fuses to blow. Alice James was one of the few exceptions:

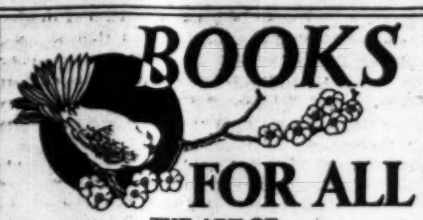
> What a shame that chores and duties
> Keep these people who adore me
> From a life spent rapt before me!

Of the many parodies, June F. Mercer's Kipling was amusing:

> Oh it's "Telly this," and "Telly that," and
> "What a bore it is,"
> But it's "Let's rush round to Auntie's set when
> Kingsley's on a quiz—

and L. G. Udall's verses after W. H. Davies propounded a likely query:

> Where are they when I do not look,
> Are they just pages in a book?



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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

I suggest that the prize-money be divided among the three entries printed. Close behind in order of merit came E. S. Lewis, G. C. Whitehouse, D. R. Peddy, G. J. Blundell and Elspeth.

" Morons and clots "
Says TV Kirk O' Shotts.

" Are they, by Jove?"
Says TV from Lime Grove.

" They make me cross "
Says TV from Holme Moss.

" Oh I don't know "
Says TV from Wenvoe.

" After all they're our goldfield "
Says TV Sutton Coldfield.

" You're telling *me*!"
Says Commercial TV.

NANCY GUNTER

With glazed, Cyclopean, exophthalmic stare,
I cast my spell upon the family,
Each member slumped in his accustomed chair
Or lolling comatose on the settee.

In two short minutes they are in my power,
Their blank white faces glimmering in the gloom,
Condemned for hour after grisly hour
To the unstirring silence of the tomb.

One night they'll fail to rise at programme's end;
" Strange TV Deaths! " the newspapers will cry;
The Yard, not knowing whom to apprehend,
Will not suspect the oblong Evil Eye.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Young and old of all the races
Eager to enjoy and know!
I'm no oracle. I show
Mere reflection of your faces.

In the programmes I devise
I absorb and then refashion
What your fantasy and passion
Yield me from your million eyes.

I'll confess to you, in fairness,
Nothing flashes on your screen,
Great or noble, vain or mean,
But the stuff of self-awareness.

A. M. SAYERS

City Lights

Doing Time

Tick-tock. The political outlook is no clearer, the oil prospect is no clearer, and the President is playing golf. Sterling is not doing too badly, but the improvement in the spot rate has been offset by a worsening in the future discount; next week's gold figures, in any case, are likely to show a considerable loss and the dollar loan repayments are due next month. Stock markets, with intermittent ups and downs, are continuing to drift, and the volume of new issues is still increasing. On Wall Street, though the sharpness of the earlier fall has been checked, the outlook for Industrials looks uncertain. The U.S. Treasury bill rate is over 3 per cent., its highest for 23 years, and in normal circumstances a further rise in the Federal Reserve's discount rate would have been expected. In fact, the authorities seem to have postponed a decision until the Middle East situation clears up: while it remains uncertain, companies may begin to look at their expansion plans with a more critical eye.

* * *

Whatever happens in Suez, a big increase in the size of the world's tanker fleet seems inevitable. Paying for Britain's share in it will not be easy. The trouble is not only a shortage of investible funds, but lack of the machinery for channelling funds into this form of investment. Tankers, backed by firm contracts with the major oil companies, are a sound enough proposition. In the U.S. and on the Continent (as Messrs. Onassis and Niarchos will confirm) a delivery date and a future charter agreement are enough in themselves to raise finance. In Britain, as a managing director of Shell recently pointed out, institutional investors have not yet got round to giving tankers the attention they deserve.

The first tanker debenture is now being placed for London and Overseas Freighters by Philip Hill Higginson, its partner in the Bermudan enterprise. It will raise £7½m. and on novel terms. In the first place, calls on lenders for their money are being spread over three years to match the timing of the company's requirements, and lenders—presumably to make up for the disadvantage of having to earmark funds for so long a period—will be paid interest of ¾ per cent. on the uncalled portion of the issue. In the second place, the debenture is redeemable at any time between 1963 and 1982; and to compensate lenders for the uncertainties involved in this wide spread, the redemption price at any particular date will be the higher of two—one fixed by a scale falling with time, the other linked to the price of Consols. The effect is this, that if money is cheap and the company decides on early redemption, it will have to pay a higher price for it: the lenders can count on the equivalent of a high effective yield until 1982.

London and Overseas Freighters has yet to announce plans for financing the expansion of its Bermudan offshoot. The latest news from Bermuda is that P. & O. has registered a subsidiary there, in case it decides to invest in it in the near future. This decision, which has been rumoured for some time, will increase the pressure on the government to introduce new measures to assist shipping companies.

* * *

The long fight over Meux looks like being finished. Some time ago, the company's directors recommended a merger with Friary Holroyd on terms well below the current market price of the shares and which many shareholders believed to be a gross undervaluation of Meux's assets. Some 15 per cent. of the Meux equity had been acquired by Flowers Breweries, and Flowers' decision to accept the terms—in exchange for substantial commercial concessions—ensured sufficient other acceptances to enable the merger to go through. But a Meux stockholders' committee was formed, representing nearly 30 per cent. of the equity, which refused to accept and proposed to refer the whole matter to the Board of Trade for investigation. Since then, the Meux board has turned down an anonymous bid of 42s. 6d. as not being in stockholders' best interests.

The non-assenters have now been offered 42s. 6d. a share by Baring Brothers and have no reason to regret their obstinacy. Nor, indeed, have the assenters, since the new offer has helped the share price of the merger company as well. The reason is simply that Baring Brothers is acting only as an intermediary, and plans to hand over the shares it acquires to Ind Coope: Ind Coope expects a trading relationship of considerable value to both sides to emerge from the transaction. When it comes to getting a fair price for brewery shares, it obviously pays to get another brewery to buy them.

* * *

The Commercial Bank of Scotland is out to break fresh ground. Already, like most banks, it is willing to hold investments for customers, register them, collect dividends, and so forth. But so far, like most banks, it has not been willing to advise customers on what to buy and sell. It has now appointed an experienced investment manager at headquarters, and will include " portfolio management " among its services. If other banks decide to follow the example, the effect—not least on stockbrokers—will be considerable.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 368. The Game Must Go On

It may well have been Drake's playful preoccupation at the approach of the Armada that inspired the Tel-Aviv Chess Club to keep going on the very eve of the recent war. On October 27, a simultaneous display was arranged for S. Smiltiner, one of the Israeli masters just returned from the Moscow team tournament; and in due time this position was reached by Iddo Avinery, one of our regular competitors. Playing Black against the master he went in for (1) . . . Q x KP, the idea being to counter Q x BP by . . . Q-K4, and R-K1 by . . . Q x KtP. The sequel led to amusing mutual attempts at Bishop-trapping. (2) R-B2, Q-K4. (3) R-Q1, R-K1. (4) R-Q5, Q x Q. (5) P x Q, R-K8 ch. (6) K-R2, P-B4. A good move. It wouldn't be good for White to take the P, his best continuation being R-Kt2 ch. The actual conclusion was (7) R(5)-Q2, P-KB3. (8) R-Kt2 ch, B-Kt3. (9) K-R3, R-R8 ch. (10) R-R2, R x R ch. (11) R x R, K-B2. (12) P-R5, B x P. (13) K-R4, K-Kt3. (14) B-Kt7, R-KKt1. (15) R-Kt2 ch, K-B2. (16) K x B, R x B, and White soon resigned. Another well-deserved chessbook token goes to C. G. Hilton who, playing Black in the recent Lancashire *v.* Yorkshire match, reached this fairly promising position. /2r2rk1/ pq1b1pktp/ 1p1p2p1/ 1Pkt1p3/ 1BP1P3/ P4BP1/ 3Kt1P1P/ 1Q1RR1K1/. Commenting modestly that he little knew the vital part yet to be played by this B a dozen moves or so later, Hilton here played (24) . . . B-R6, the sequel being

(25) B-R1	Q-K2	(34) P x P		P x P	
(26) Kt-B1	KKt-K3	(35) B-QKt2	(B-KKt2†)	KKt x KP!	
(27) Kt-K3	P-B4	(36) P x Kt		Q-Kt4 ch	
(28) Kt-Q5	Q-Kt4	(37) B-Kt2		P-B6	
(29) B-Q2	P-B5	(38) P-K5		P x P	
(30) B-B1	R-KB2	(39) R x P		Q x B ch	
(31) Q-R2	QR-B1	(40) Q x Q		P x Q	
(32) P-B3	Q-Q1!	(41) Kt-K7 ch		R x Kt	
(33) Q-KB2	Kt-Kt4	(42) resigns			

A: Krogius 1937

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Black, by playing (1) . . . R x B, allowed the White KtP to become a Q and, indeed, a mere onlooker of her royal consort's spectacular demise. This is the only outsider of this "Readers' Own" week, B and C (for 6 and 7 ladder-points and both wins for White), coming from our own contributors, the one from our most valiant Edinburgh ladder-climber, the other from the distinguished Munich composer, a renowned specialist for R & P endings. Usual prizes. Entries by December 10.

B: E. Allan 1956

C: A. Herberg 1955

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 365. Set November 10

A: (1) Kt-B4, Q-R3; (2) B-Kt5 ch, K x B; (3) Kt-Q6, mate.
B: (1) R-Q1, Q-B3; (2) R-QB1, Q-Q1; (3) R-KB1, P-R7; (4) R-B7, P—Q; (5) P-R7 ch, Q x P; (6) P x Q ch, K x R; (7) RP=Q, Q-KKt1; (8) Q-R5 ch, etc.
if (1) . . . Q-KB5; (2) R-QB1, Q-Kt1; (3) R-KB1, etc.
if (1) . . . Q x R; (2) P-R7 ch, K x P; (3) P—Q ch, K x P; (4) Q-R7 ch, K-B3; (5) Q-B7 ch, K-K4; (6) Q-KB4 ch, etc.
C: (1) P-R6, B-K1; (2) P-KKt4, B-B3; (3) B-Kt2!, B x B; (4) P-K4, P-KB4; (5) KtP x P, KP x P; (6) P-R7, P x P; (7) P-Q4, P-K6; (8) P x KP, etc.
if (4) . . . P-QB5; (5) P-R7, P x P ch; (6) K x P, P-KB4; (7) P—Q, B x P ch; (8) Q x B ch, P x Q ch; (9) K x P, *etc.*

Fairly many correct (or near-correct) solutions. Prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, C. G. Hilton, B. R. Jackson, M. Rumney, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Warm praise from the Press for *The New Scientist*

—the new weekly magazine that makes science plain and readable

TODAY you can buy the second issue of *The New Scientist*, the first weekly science magazine in Britain to be written in plain language. The first issue, which was sold out, was enthusiastically welcomed by scientists, industrialists, educationists, the public and the Press.

The Manchester Guardian, for example, wrote that the purpose of the new weekly "is to make science—even those parts of it that emerge unpopularized from the laboratories—easily available and easily readable." The *Guardian* added: "The first issue suggests that the editor may have struck the right note with his first shot."

The Evening Standard found the magazine "admirable" and said:

"There is nothing in it to deter the ordinary intelligent layman. And the lay-out of the paper, with its short articles and well-broken-up pages, helps the reader's eye and stimulates his interest."

The News Chronicle's tribute was that *The New Scientist* "has reduced the usual scientific gobbledygook to language so straightforward that even scientists may grasp something of the work outside their own fields."

And this was the verdict of **Cassandra,** the famous and trenchant columnist of **The Daily Mirror:**

"Now comes a new and lively publication devoted to what goes on in our highly technological world. The magazine is called *The New Scientist*, costs a bob and appears every Thursday.

"I recommend it to you.

"It is not at all abstruse and anybody from an intelligent Fifth Former to a Professor in advanced physics can understand and enjoy it."

That's what the Press thinks about *The New Scientist.* **Don't miss the second issue, ON SALE TODAY—place a regular order with your newsagent. It is packed with fascinating news, articles and illustrations about science at work in the laboratories, in industry, and in all our lives.**

In this week's issue:

A Plain Man's Guide to Oil—a thorough survey of the effects of the Middle East crisis on British industries.

What We Know About Cosmic Rays—by Professor P.M.S. Blackett, F.R.S., President-elect of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Great Herring Mystery: Dr. W. C. Hodgson, a leading fishery scientist, probes causes of the shrinkage in the East Anglian herring harvest.

Hormones and the Skin: by Dr. John Ebling, lecturer at Sheffield University.

A Study of Flames: Professor M. W. Thring describes research that may reduce the cost of steel.

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BOOKS

"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as the soul whose progeny they are."

If Milton was right, then to give a book for Christmas is something; it works for good or ill, planting images in the imagination which may fade but slowly, either bemusing the mind with further triviality or clarifying it with the vision of truth. "Books do contain a potency of life in them."

What, then, of the Book? The Bible, on any showing, was written by men standing on the frontiers of life, aware of the living God. Its proudest title is "the Word of God"; but, then, what dread "potency" is here?

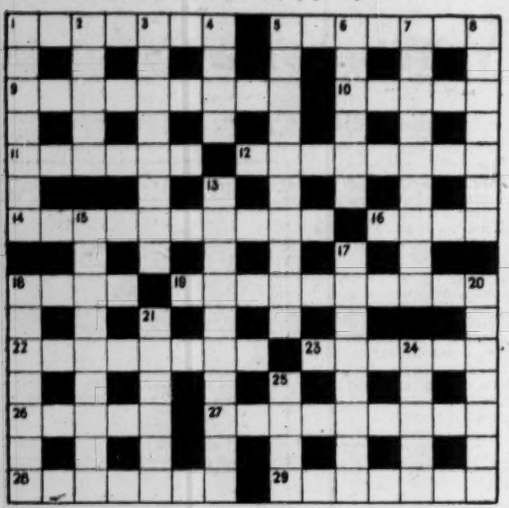
The Bible Society provides a means by which *you* can help to make this Book available to men and women all over the world *in the languages they speak.* That is to bring a bewildered world, already dangerously charged with evil, within reach of a potency of divine and cleansing life. Can you do anything more significant than that?

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY

146, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Week-end Crossword No. 227

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 227, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Dec. 11.



ACROSS

1. Amy plunders Kipps (7).
5. A number of princes for the Scandinavians (7).
9. The scribbler makes the literary man flower (9).
10. Keeping up in the Westminster district in the morning (5).
11. Severe test for gold distribution (6).
12. Complete view of parents embracing a girl (8).
14. Anticipates nothing taking place in front of the others in certain seasons (10).
16. Size of paper for a scholar (4).
18. Flee humbug (4).
19. One who plays a man's part has a fellow introduced as a criminal (10).
22. "This night methinks is but the — sick" (*M. of V.*) (8).
23. Trees like writers (6).
26. Expresses grief as a small afterthought (5).
27. Lacking energy, never changed the date perhaps (9).
28. Dredges a river with weirs (7).
29. Prudence, by the sound of it, is a fictional character (7).

DOWN

1. Tangled rope for censure (7).
2. Soldiers in berth give birth (5).
3. The foot a parent has in a home (8).
4. Put it up to a statesman (4).
5. Town with a misfortune in poetry (10).
6. Horn is slack in victory over the north (6).
7. The opposite of the ancient prophet and the Old Testament, he sells up-to-date information (9).
8. Count on a girl for putting it in a nutshell (7).
13. A town shelters beneath a festival (10).
15. By the Thames, it sounds like a watery meadow (9).
17. Ignore a feast (8).
18. Wet historian married (7).
20. An overdue rise is arranged for the remainder (7).
21. Sit up and make a legal claim; it may consist of lies (6).
24. Lobby for the competitors (5).
25. The food to grumble about (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 225

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 225

Miss N. Loutit (*Childe Okeford*), *Michael Kurle* (*Madison, Conn.*), *M. Ross* (*Uttoxeter*).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

SOCIAL worker (woman), C. of E., qualified and experienced, required to investigate applications for admission of children into care. Headquarters London but required to travel over wide area; current driving licence essential; travelling expenses and subsistence. Salary APT. II/III according to experience, plus London Weighting; superannuation. Apply in writing by December 8 stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copies testimonials and names of referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE Officer required for child development research team. Duties include office administration, minuting, budgetting, book-keeping, filing of research data and some help in their analysis. Some typing essential. University graduate preferred. Knowledge of French and German an asset. Salary £600 × £25—£750 p.a. Superannuation Scheme. Applns. to: Mrs. Townsend, Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, 2 Beaumont St., London, W.1. Closing date 7.12.56.

COUNTY Council of Essex—Children's Department. Superintendent and Matron (married couple) required in January for a new Reception Home for 20 children, 4 miles from Chelmsford. Candidates must be suitably qualified and experienced in the residential care of children and adolescents: teaching experience an advantage. Salaries—Superindent £700 × £20—£800 less £130 for emoluments. Matron £465 × £15—£510 less £113 for emoluments. Housemother also required who will be expected to take charge in the absence of the Superintendent and Matron. Salary £395 × £15—£455 less £113 for emoluments. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, to whom immediate enquiry should be made.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Applications are invited from suitably experienced women for the appointment of Resident Assistant at the Working Girls' Hostel, 136 Westcotes Drive, Leicester, which accommodates 20 girls of age 15-21 years. This responsible post will afford wide experience in the care of young workers of varied attainments and interests. The vacancy has arisen as a result of promotion. Salary: £340 × £15—£385 per annum, less £113 per annum for board and lodging. A single, comfortably furnished bed-sitting room is provided. Pensionable post, subject to medical examination. 5 weeks annual leave; 1½ days off-duty weekly. Application forms from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to be returned by Dec. 8, 1956.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Supervisor required at Remand Home for 40 boys (Junior and Senior) at Boyles Court, Brentwood. Duties include supervision of boys' occupations (including gardening) and leisure activities and general assistance with the running of the Home. Salary scale £450 × £15—£510, less £113 emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

CENTRAL London Travel Agency require 2 reservation assistants. Previous experience in travel business not essential but should be willing to learn a system and to deal with clients. Shorthand necessary in one and typing in both cases. Hours 9.30-5.30 and every other Saturday 9.30-12.30, some free foreign travel. Starting salary £9-£9 10s. State age and particulars. Box 8727.

YOUNG shorthand-typist reqd. for interesting work with educational organisation. Knowl. German advantage. Box 8776.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council, Crown Woods School, Avery Hill, Eltham, S.E.9. Headmaster or Headmistress required for this new secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls expected to open summer term, 1958, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning beginning summer term, 1957, if possible. Head teacher allowance under new Burnham proposals expected to be approximately £1,215 (headmaster) or £1,129 (headmistress), making total salary, including other appropriate Burnham allowances (and including two-sevenths equal pay addition), about £2,338 (headmaster) or £2,098 (headmistress). School will offer wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for studies in building, commerce and horticulture. There will be deputy headmaster or headmistress with substantial allowance, provision for other posts of special responsibility and full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. Person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in whole field secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Crown) (form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter) obtainable, with further particulars, from the Education Officer (EO/TS10), the County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. Candidates who applied in response to previous advt. will be considered without re-application. Closing date Dec. 14, 1956.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health requires Administrative Assistant for Public Information Department dealing with press, conferences, membership, distribution of publications, etc. Duties varied and responsible but include some secretarial work. Starting salary £450 p.a. Voluntary Superannuation. Application with names of two referees to the General Secretary, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

TEACHING institution will need early January a competent woman (over 21) for typing and general office work. Ability in Russian an advantage. The post may be temporary (one to two years). Salary £320-£360 according to qualifications and experience. No Saturday work and 8 weeks' holiday in the year. Applics. by Dec. 8 to Box C.W., c/o Bartlett's, 31 Museum Street, W.C.1.

LONDON Travel Agency requires shorthand-typist to use dictaphone. 9.30-5.30, every other Saturday 9.30-12.30, some free foreign travel. Starting salary £9 to £9 10s. Age & reasonably full particulars to Box 8726.

LONDON Marriage Guidance Council reqs. Appointment Secretary with good shorthand-typing. £8 10s. p.w., pension scheme. Married women, 30-45, preferred. Social work exp. desirable. Write Secretary, 78 Duke St., W.1.

EDUCATED women (not over 40) wanted for a variety of interesting non-commercial posts at around £10 per week. Shorthand and typing necessary. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2, Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. LONdon Wall 4609.

AUTHOR seeks part-time secretary (young man). Write fully. Box 8743.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M/f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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TRY the West End Coffee-Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LONDON woman seeks work 3 months, sea/country, preferably simple/primitive conditions. Moderate salary provided generous free time. Good references & experience, including secretarial, household, garden, animals. Box 8731.

COLONIAL Welfare. Chartered Accountant of very wide Colonial experience seeks appointment as personnel or welfare officer, more particularly in the field of Colonial emigrants in Britain; aged 57; available at six months' notice; London interview Spring, 1957. Box 8433.

LADY, 37, wants job week-ends, days, nights. Languages, nursing also catering experience. Suggestions? Box 8804.

EX-AIR hostess reqs. morning job. Sectl. dipl., pref. work with public. Box 8645.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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WANTED: Chambers or Encyclopædia Britannica, latest edition; Linguaphone, Modern Greek Course, state price; French and Spanish Linguaphones; London Ph.D. (Science) Convocation Gown, Hood, man 6ft.—particulars, price.

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PERSONAL

HUNGARIAN Relief. Collection, in aid of Lord Mayor's Fund, "See How They Dance," Festival of Dances from 20 Countries, Royal Albert Hall, Saturday Dec. 1, 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m., will be taken by Hungarian dancers.

DOCTOR'S family (5 children) would like to find girl student (living reasonable distance for interview), willing to help during Christmas holidays. Free time & salary by arrangement. No 'phone calls please. Coghill, 138 The Grove, Ealing, W.5.

FRENCH tuition reqd., some Latin, girl 14. O level. Resident country, 7 miles Norwich First 3 weeks January. Undergraduate considered. Box 8735.

JUNIOR art group for bright children up to 11 years, meets on Thursdays at 5 p.m. for painting. HAM. 7884.

XMAS shopping. Gifts bought, wrapped & dispatched. Reas. charges. Box 8704.

CHRISTMAS Peace Party. Dec. 22-29 in Intl. Peace Centre, Bückeburg, Germany. Celebrations, excursions, conferences. 4½gns. plus reduced fare. Partics. from Brockle-hurst, 77 Brent Way, Finchley, N.3.

HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

BOYS & Girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at the Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Eliz. Strachan. Hele 390.

COME to Moscow for the World Youth Festival, August, 1957. Here's the chance of a lifetime for direct personal contacts and free and open discussion with young people from all over the world. £47 inclusive! If you're under 30 send s.a.e. for details to British Youth Festival Committee, 351 Goswell Road, London, E.C.1.

FRENCH Weekend. Dec. 21-23 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Dec. 28: "Square Dancing." Dec. 31-Jan. 11: "Art of Living."

WINTER sunshine in Spain. Lovely villa 15s. inc. daily. Details KEN. 4931.

CONFERENCES, travel agencies, etc., offered accommodation in former modern hotel, now University Hall of Residence. 83 single and 24 double rooms, mainly private bath. Central heating, h. & c. all rooms, lifts. Lounges, conference hall-ballroom, garden, tennis, putting. Vacancies Mar. 23-April 21, July 9-Sept. 15, 1957. Inquiries: Matron, Halliday Hall, S. Side (Clapham Common), S.W.4.

YOUNGSTERS' (8 to 18) Country House Party. Ponies to ride and Pantomimes to see; Dances, Fancy Dress, Square and Ballroom Dances; organised outings, from December 20 to January 15. Fedden School, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. (Mrs. K. Clare, J.P.)

NATIONAL Park Christmas Cards in delightful photogravure. 8 assorted, 3s. 6d. Ramblers, 48 Park Rd., N.W.1.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts. through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace. Cambridge 4633.

PSYCHOLOGIST Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Ave., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

"WE in to see a Frenchman, one Monsieur Prin, play on the trump-marine, which he do beyond belief. The instrument is open at the end, I discovered; but he would not let me look into it." If you do not own a trump-marine but share Pepys's interest in music, you might play the recorder, especially the new "Flauto Dolce" Recorder Series edited by Carl Dolmetsch, Universal Edition, 24 Great Pulteney St., W.1. GER. 5203.

CONTEMPORARY Christmas cards. Exclusive designs by Pietro Annigoni, Denis Mathews, Henry Moore, John Piper, Ceri Richards, etc., in aid of the National Fund for Polio Research. Send s.a.e. for illustrated leaflet to Christmas Card Dept., N.F.P.R., 15 Manson Place, S.W.7.

THE Children's Market, 29 Holland St., Kensington Church St., W.8. Good clothes for children are out-grown long before they are out-worn. Come to our gay little shop where you can buy and sell children's clothes of every description for boys & girls up to 14 yrs. old. WES. 2676. We collect within 5-mile radius.

LONDON School of Bridge. 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

TAPE Recorders: Ring GULliver 2083 for free home demonstration.

BRIGHT young men offer their guests Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry. Even brighter young men wait till their guests have gone before decanting. After all, the best is not for everyone, is it?

PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTMAS/New Year Holidays: Winter Sports air arrangements in Switzerland and Austria, Christmas in Paris or in the South of Spain and a variety of House Parties (Christmas or New Year) in England. Book as soon as you can! Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

A WINTER Holiday on the Côte d'Azur makes just the change you need for your health and your pleasure. On the shores of the Mediterranean, with the protective mountains behind, winter days can be warmer and more sunlit than those who live in less favoured lands can readily believe. Ask for the "Riviera-Côte d'Azur" folder at your Travel Agent, or from the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, W.1.

CHRISTMAS and New Year in Spain. Short sea route via Paris. 8 days house party, Costa Brava, 4 days Barcelona, £40 inclusive. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol. Winter sports. Party now being formed for February visit, 8 days 30gns. Absolutely inclusive—Air Travel, full board, skis, tuition. Hards, 28 Martineau St., Birmingham, 2. ('Phone Midland 7312.)

SKI with the Club Méditerranée of Paris. Combine the joys of ski-ing with the informality and gaiety of a French club. Travel Counsellors Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street, London, W.8. WES. 1517.

LONDON University Ski Club. Few vacancies in Ski-ing Party to Badgastein. (Dec. 27-Jan. 10). Enq.: Four Seasons Travel, 49 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 7853.

XMAS in Kitzbuehel. Few vacancies in delightful hotel. Dets.: Four Seasons Travel, 49 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 7853.

SKI-ING in the Silvretta. Take advantage of reduced rates in Jan. Enq.: Four Seasons Travel, 49 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 7853.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Better selection than ever awaits you at The Caravel Press, Moxon St. (off Marylebone High St.), W.1.

GLOBAS Shirtmakers offer you shirts in non-iron poplin, finest sea-island poplin and nylon at very reas. prices. Come to 47 Carnaby St., Regent St., W.1. REG. 3207.

VICKY Xmas Cards. 8d. each, 12 @ 5s. 9d., 50 @ 20s. All post free. Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

FOREIGN Languages an Asset, "Au pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated & willing, immediately avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 8806/KNI. 4132.

TRAIN to be a Continental Courier. Stamp for details. H. & C. Couriers (C), 26 Mayfair Avenue, Bexleyheath, Kent.

FRENCH as in France. Parisienne guarantees results. W.1. or visits. Box 8497

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

ABBATT Toyshop sells the right toys for the right age. Post orders also welcome; write for Xmas List. Dept. N., Paul & Marjorie Abbatt, 94 Wimpole St., W.1.

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TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

ADD 2 ins. ht. with Bildup Shoes, Fr. 84s. 6d. pr. or 5s. dep. List free. Capitol Shoes, 315/44 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

JUST arrived from Europe, for callers at the New Vince Man's Shop, Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730, London's most intng. display of gifts for men. Autumn catalogue sent on request.

CHRISTMAS gifts of lasting value: Contemporary French Paintings, framed from 50 gns. Original Gouaches "Views of Venice" by Giacomo Guardi, from 120 gns. Drawings and Etchings from 5 gns. Original Hand-coloured Flower Prints (1818-1827) by Redouté, from 6 gns. Marlborough, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1.

UNPUBLISHED novels. Experts will appraise your MSS. and edit (if necessary). Write first to the Editor, Manuscript Services, 128 Kings Rd., London, S.W.3.

HIGH fidelity fans or those considering banns welcome at Anthony Panting's Studio, 30 Abbey Gdns., London, N.W.8.

HANDWRITING and Character. Explanatory outline sent free. Box 8385.

ARGO L.P. records for Christmas—"A Festival of Lessons & Carols" (RG 39), "Under Milk Wood" (RG 21, 22). Price 39s. 7½d. each from your dealer, or direct from Argo Record Co., 29, George St., W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

HOW to Write & Sell. Send today for free folder, "What's in it for you." The Writer, 124, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

MIDDLE-aged bachelor would consider sharing his small but comfortable flat, 30 mins. West End, with another of similar interests, i.e., literature, theatre. Box 8793.

PROFESSIONAL business women. Vacant divan rooms, Hornsey. Share kit. From 37s. MOU. 5438 after 6 p.m.

COMF. bed/sitting-room & kit. (Ascot & Reg. oven). 4 mins. Bow Rd. tubc. Suit 1 lady. Own linen. 32s. 6d. Box 8646.

NEWLY dec. divan-room, separate kitchen. Cheerful graduate hsehold. 3gns. inc. fuel. Close Highgate tube. MOU. 7900.

HIGH standard mod. furn. large double room. Centr. heat., h. & c., elec. kitchenette, lux. bathrooms, linen, service. 7½gns. inclusive. HAM. 0845.

LOVELY div. rm., all con., 2 mins. Kilburn Stn. to bus. lady. GLA. 4132 aft. 7.

SMALL room offd. in Hampstead for some sitting-in & 30s. p.w. KIL. 0469.

YNG. architect offers student/prof. share small flat 5 mths. HAM. 5202.

PROF. person offered well-furn. divan-lounge, kit'ette., constant h.w. 3½gns. Kensington or Richmond. Box 8798.

ATTRACTIVE room, v. reas., offered f., willing househelp. SPE. 0363.

PART of flat in Chiswick offered to business girl under 30. £2 10s. Box 8805.

1000 furn. apartments, houses, flats, flatlets & bed/sitters all London districts. No registration fees. GER. 9050.

WANTED, Jan., 3-rmd. flat, kit. Willing share bath., help dec./furn., baby-sit. Child must be welcome. SPE. 2308.

CONTINENTAL lady desires nice unfurn./ptly. furn. rm. Cd. exch. excell. Kosher ckg. Or terms by agreement. Box 8759.

PRESIDENT L.S.E. Students' Union requires unfurnished (or semi-furnished) flat. No key money. Box 8697.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

YNG. social worker reqs. b/s., unf. kit. Westminster or Victoria. Box 8800.

PROF. cpl. sk. 2-3 r. flat; inner Lond. Dr. Rowe, St. Clement's Hosp., Bow, E.3.

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URGENT. Univ. lecturer & fam. sk. unf. flat cent. Lond. Reas. rent. Box 8030.

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PROPERTIES FOR SALE

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MODERNISED cottage fhld., v.p. £2,100. Orkney-Work, Bedd-gelert, N. Wales.

£1,750. Modnsd. cntry. residence, 4 bed., 3 rec., elec., water, vac. poss. ¼-acre gdn. Stiles, Damerham, Hants. Rockbourne 325.

HIGHGATE. Small XVIIIth-century cottage. 2-3 beds., 2 sitting rooms, bathroom & w.c. Kitchen, elec. light & power, gas, small gdn. Frhld. £2,500. Box 8747.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"SANITY in Storm" by R. Palme Dutt; S. Silverman, M.P., in the series Socialist-Communist Relations II; and special articles on Suez, the Rents Bill, and Hungary, in the December "Labour Monthly," 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"THE Reporter," America's famous fortnightly, is now on sale here. This week's issue is devoted to "The Price of Peacemongering"; a perceptive analysis of the military implications of our action over Suez. Reinhold Niebuhr writes on the Theologians dilemma over racial segregation and there is an outstanding galaxy of reviews. Supplies are limited, so order your copy or subscription now from Transworld Publications, Park Royal Road, N.W.10. 2s. each fortnight.

RENT Bill; Financing the Railways; U.S. Foreign Investment; Cost of Eden; Britain's Trade and the £. "Labour Research" 9d. (11s. p.a.). 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

"YOUR England." Anti-subtopian pamphlet—"buy as many copies as you can" (Architect's Journal). 1s. 8d. from 40 William IV St., W.C.2.

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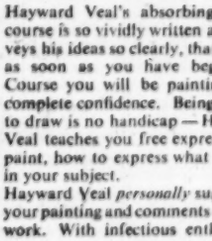

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Shaw. Tues.-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Closed Mons.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Pl., N.1. Tavistock Rep. "Our Town," by Wilder. 7.30, Fri., Nov. 30, Sat., Dec. 1 (Sun. 2, mems. only). Th. 6, Fri. 7, Sat. 8. 9-6 p.m. CAN. 3475; 6-9 p.m. CAN. 5111.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Bald Prima Donna" & "The New Tenant." Mems. only.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "World on Edge." A Living Newspaper. Fri. Sat. Sn. 7.45. Mem.

UNITY. Sats., Audience Discussion. This week, The Rev. Stanley Evans.

ROYAL Festival Hall (Recital Room), following Continental success, N.L.T.G. present Richard Morris in a reading of "Hamlet." Sun., Dec. 2, 7.45. 2s. 6d., 7s. 6d.

ASIAN Music Circle. Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin. Classical & Folk Dances of India by Dancers and Musicians of the Ram Gopal Company. Sun., Dec. 2, 7.30, at St. Pancras Town Hall, N.W.1. Also Univ. of London Course of Lectures on Asian Music. Information re. Membership, etc., from Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. (FIN. 2934.)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 2: Chekhov's "The Grasshopper" A. "Time Out of War" U. From Dec. 3: Uncut version Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear" A.

ROXY Cin. BAY. 2345. Dec. 2, 7 dys. B. Hope. Seven Little Foys (U). J. Fontaine R. Milland. Something to Live For (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 1. Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi in "Open City." Dir.: Roberto Rossellini. 3, 6.15, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

"AUSTRIA." Film show & Talk by Count L. de Hoyos. Two new colour films, "Ski Paradise Arlberg" & "Wings to Austria," Wed., Dec. 12, at 6 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. (nr. Holborn Tube). Res. Tickets 3s. 6d. (Members & Students 2s. 6d.) from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8 (WES. 9003). Unres. at door 3s. 6d.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs. every Tuesday and Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

CENT. London Fabian Society Dance, Dec. 1, 7-11.30. Artworkers' Guild Hall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. Kingsway Tube. Adm. 3s. 6d. Refreshments available.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat., Dec. 1, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Norman Jackson and his Noveltones. Members 3s. Guests 5s.

DANCE in aid of W. African International Theatre Club, Holborn Hall, Fri., Dec. 7, 7-11 p.m. Ambrose Campbell & W. African Rhythm Brothers, & International Rhythm Band. 5s. single, 7s. 6d. double. 50 bargain collectors' discs for sale.

HUMPHREY Lyttelton opens Hampstead Labour Party Bazaar, Kingsgate School, near Kilburn State. Dec. 1, 3-5.30.

CONCERTS

BACH'S Christmas Oratorio. Hampstead Choral Society. Eileen Poulter, Duncan Robertson, Sheila Young, Ian Paterson, Charles Spinks, Clifton Helliwell, Boys of Hampstead Parish Church Choir. Goldsbrough Orchestra. Conductor, Martindale Sidwell. Hampstead Parish Church, Saturday, December 8, at 8 p.m. Programmes 5s. from Hampstead Travel Agency or at Church on night.

18TH-Century Music played by the London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., Dec. 8, at 8.15. Bach-Mozart prog. Solo Harpsichords: Lionel Salter & Millicent Silver. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wed. Dec. 5 at 5.45. André Marchal—Organ Recital. Works by Bach & Vierne. Tickets 3s. 6d. (WAT. 3191 & Agents.)

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions—the best that you have ever seen. 26in. prints cost average 50s. plus 14s. 3d. p.t., 14in. prints 12s. 6d. plus 3s. 7d. p.t., 10in. prints 1s. 6d. from Ganymed, 11 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1, where all the prints may be seen and bought.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions XI: Paintings by Hogarth, Stubbs, Degas, Pissarro, Modigliani, Braque, Picasso, etc. Daily 9.30-6. Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

MODERN Italian Art from the Estorick Collection. Arts Council Exhib. Tate Gall. Open till Dec. 19. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tu., Thurs., 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by Max Ernst. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until December 15. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jewish Artists in England, 1656-1956. A Tercentenary Exhibition. Week-days 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

EXHIBITIONS—contiaued

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Picasso himself, original paintings, photographs, documents and souvenirs. Closes December 8. Monday to Friday 10-6, Wed. 10-8, Sat. 10-4. Closed Sun. Adm. 2s. Members free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Ceramic Figures by Audrey Blackman. Pottery by John Eaves. Dly. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Jean Commere. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal People. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon. Friday 10-5. Adm. free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Picasso Etchings. Maillol Lithographs. Until Dec. 29.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., S.W.1. Artists of Today. Pictures donated by well-known artists to be sold for the Multiple Sclerosis Society. November 27-December 22. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters, 19th & 20th Centuries. Important works for sale—Boudin, Cézanne, Corot, Courbet, Fantin, Monet, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., 3 exhibs.: Henry Lamb, R.A., John Craxton, Michael Ffolkes. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Christoforou; Paul Millichip. 11-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Giacomo Manzù—Sculpture & Drawings. Until Dec. 7. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork Street, W.1. The 1956 Exhibition of Original French & English Lithographs. Picasso; Braque; Sutherland, etc. Hours 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MIKARDO & Lucan on New China. Public Meeting, St. Marylebone Labour Party (Wards 1 & 2), at All Saints Parish Hall, Queen's Terr., N.W.8 (3 mins. St. John's Wood Tube). Tues., Dec. 4, 8 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Dec. 5, 7.30. "Elections Trinidad & U.S.A.," T. McKitterick, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

I.C.A., 17, Dover St., W.1. Tu., Dec. 4, at 8.15. Literature: Allen Tate: Reflections on American Poetry, 1900-1955. Chair: Bonamy Dobrée. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

"ROME and the British Academy," illustrated lecture by Ian S. Munro, arr. Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton). Finsbury Public Library, Skinner St., E.C.1, nr. Finsbury Tn. Hall, Rosebery Av. Mon., Dec. 3, 8.15. Non-members 1s 6d.

NATIONAL Paul Robeson Conference. Sunday, Dec. 2, Free Trade Hall, Manchester. Chairman: W. Griffiths, M.P. Delegates & visitors welc. Apply F. Loesser, Gen. Sec., N.P.R.C., 8 Cliff Cres., Salford 7.

RICHARD III. Talk by Col. A. H. Burne, D.S.O. "Bosworth Field," Dec. 5, Seymour Hall, 8 p.m. Apply for details of the Fellowship of the White Boar to Hon. Sec., 29 Eaton Terrace, S.W.1. Tel. SLO. 5916.

SHAW Soc.: Dramatic, literary & musical miscellany (including calypsos); Nov. 30, 7 p.m. 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Non-mems. 2s.

"DEUTSCHE Dichtung auf englischem Boden"; zeitgenössische Gedichte und Prosa gelesen und erläutert vom Dichter Erich Fried. Tues. Dec. 4, 8 p.m. German Y.M.C.A. 368 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. Adm. free

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Pk. Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7696. Fri., Nov. 30, 8 p.m. Recital: Marija Pijukovic (contralto), Dika Rancigaj (piano), D. Trbovcic (piano), Sat., Dec. 1 and Sun., Dec. 2, 3-7 p.m. Christmas Bazaar at 46 Ladbroke Grove, W.11. Russian books, toys, etc.; many other articles; Russian buffet. Exhibition: M. V. Dobuzhinsky, Lithographs of Old St. Petersburg. Fri., Dec. 7, 8 p.m. Prof. Lavrin, "Lermontov."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—contiaued

HOLY Trinity Church, Dalston (Beechwood Road, nr. Dalston Junction Stn.). The Advent Sermons, at 6.30 p.m. on Sundays. "Christians and Race." December 2, The Rev. Marcus Jame:, D.Phil. December 9, The Rev. John Robinson, Ph.D., Dean of Clare College, Cambridge. December 16, The Rev. John Collins, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's. December 23, The Rev. Stanley Evans, M.A. The Dalston Divinity Lecture, "The Church and the Future." Wed., December 12, at 8 p.m. The Rev. Stanley Evans, M.A.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Public Lecture, Wed., Dec. 5, 6.30: "The Early Taoist School," A. Burton-Stibbon. Read "The Middle Way," quarterly 2s. 9d. post free. Infm. TAT. 1313. (Premises closed to public Dec. 19-30 inc.)

SPIACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Sunday 11 a.m. Dec. 2. Archibald Robertson, M.A. "The Roots of Modern Humanism." Adm. free. Free copy of "Monthly Record" on request.

CONWAY Discussions. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7.15 p.m. Ashton Burall, "Humanism and the Arts." Adm. free. Collection.

BEAVER Hall, E.C.4. Sat. Dec. 1, 3-6 p.m. Christian Action Conference on Race Relations.

CONTEMPORARY Jewish Artists' Exhibition, Zion House, 57 Eton Ave., N.W.3. Lectures in conjunction with the University of London (Extra-Mural Dept.), at 8 p.m., fee 2s. per lecture. Tues., Dec. 4, "The Question of Jewish Music," Hans Keller. Thurs., Dec. 6, "Aspects of Aesthetics in Modern Art," Dr. Pepita Haezrahi.

HOLIDAY lectures on the Theatre for Young People: Dec. 28, Donald Wolfit; Jan. 1, George Devine; Jan. 3, Madame Marie Rambert. For details write to the Secretary, British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30, Sunday, Dec. 2, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1, nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse: Stuart Morris, "Advent."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gdns., W.2. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. Dec. 2: "Prayer—Will—Action." Dec. 9: "Conceptions of God." Dec. 16: "Living Adepts." Dec. 23: "The Birth of Christos." Dec. 30: "The Power of Resolve." Admission Free. All welcome.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri. Dec. 7, 8.30. Dudley Glass: "Ceylon the Beautiful" (illus.). 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Off Leinster Tce.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, December 2, 6.30. Music & Readings 7 p.m. Virginia Flemming: "Humanist Principles Relating to Marriage."

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thursday, Dec. 6, 6.30. "God in Everything." Sun. at 5 at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. on December 8. Mr. P. Armstrong: "Suez and the Supranationalisation of Sea Water."

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